The Pargiters
volume 3.

February 26th
1933

NYPL

The Farfilin
Contnd.

~~Chap.~~ ~~2~~
Part I. section 2.

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Never in her life had Kitty sat down at Oxford to a meal
to fish & potatoes at five o'clock in the afternoon.
It did not seem like Oxford at all. ~~What was~~
~~there to say?~~ There was also the perennial difficulty of what to
say; ~~when one met not complete strangers~~ ~~at home~~
that was normally overcome by the talk about
dances & dinners, & eights week; ~~about few~~ "I think you
know so - & so": ~~you're at~~ & so on. But that
sort of talk was meaningless here: She had only to
look at Mrs Robson to see that she had never
paid a call, or been to a dance in her life. Yet
Mr. Robson was a sort of lecturer too.
The Robsons talked — rather as if she were not there.
The little boy continued a long story ~~ato~~
apparently about a goose that was unintelligible
to anyone except his mother. Dad & Nell had some
joke together: All their names were abbreviated —
Dad, Mum, Dick, Peg Nell as if to save time
shortness of station. And as the eating & drinking
Nobody paid her much attention
went on. + that she had plenty to eat & drink.
except to see
She had the odd sensation that she was nobody
in particular. Accustomed as she was, at the
never to be merely always to be her father's daughter, —
the daughter of Dr Malone? And how is your
father? — that was the stock opening — it was
extremely queer to be eating fish here in Oxford
with people to whom the name of Malone
meant nothing in particular.
"You're reading history with Lucy Craddock!"
as if to him her dear Lucy were not a dowdy
old blue stocking but a ~~woman~~ remarkable — a woman
he seemed to like. But she felt that

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Sam – so she called him already privately – liked one to
say things emphatically.
But I'm frightfully lazy" she added, ~~for the Nelli standard~~
was thinking how Nell worked; remembering Miss
Craddock's praise of her essays.
Upon this Mrs Brook gave ~~looked~~ ~~at~~ her once more
another of those straight severe glances. The
apparition of a frilled & flounced young lady at her
tea table was by no means to Mrs Robson's ~~taste~~ liking.
She had taught herself to read at the age of twenty
five – naturally, she disliked middle class ladies.
She could say extremely cutting things to the
wives of dons who invited her to join their
organisations, & come to their parties. But
narrow though her judgment was, it was also
shrewd. Although Kitty's dress shoes & gloves
(she had noted the manoeuvre beneath the table
cloth) had made Mrs Robson take against her,
there was something in her height, & strength,
in her broad cheek bones & blue eyes set too
far apart as they were that pleased ~~the~~ her.
She could have made something of her, she thought,
if Kitty had been her own daughter. Also, and Kitty
liked the bread. She made it.

Mrs Robson, daughter of a mill hand, she had been in service –

They did come, sometimes, the Oxford ladies.

"That's the moor at the back of our house"
she remarked; for Kitty, ~~she~~ ~~who was~~ was
looking at the picture over the mantelpiece. It was a
a dreadful picture – It was the only picture
the Robsons had ever bought. They had bought it,
~~cheap,~~ ~~at a show,~~ to remind them of their old
home when they came to Oxford. The ~~sea was~~
very sky was very blue; the moors were very red. –
There was a cottage & a child & a donkey: ~~The~~
but if one was a real artist, the Robsons thought,
that was how one saw things. Blushing
slightly, ~~Kitty~~ in case she might be saying

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something foolish ... [take in]

It had been a great struggle: to come to Oxford, to have a maid who slept in: but they had done it, & it was natural therefore that if ~~the~~ a Master's Daughter — Sam knew all about Dr Malone & come- came to tea, Sam should like to explain that his wife had been a cook. He could explain it rather ar~~rogantly~~ savagely; he could ~~talk~~ use ~~such~~ expressions that nobody ~~had~~ understood at all; but as he he ~~had~~ agreed with his wife ~~that~~ — Kitty Malone was a nice girl whose parents were going the right way to ruin her ~~socially~~, he lapsed into the Yorkshire English with which he had begun tea. & He told Nell to tell Jo that they weren't sparing the cake; ~~& the left the~~ Aunt Jane? Cousin Emily; Cousin Ellen?

Which other relations could she be, Kitty wondered. She had aunts & cousins, first, second & third, scattered all over Yorkshire: she blend ~~Stay~~ She Even if she were no relation at all, this bye gone mistress of Mrs Robson's: ~~brood~~ ~~drew Kitty & Mrs Robson into talk~~ Owing to her Mrs Robson lost ~~her severity~~; ceased, seemed to Kitty, to denounce her; to compare her unfavourably with Nell: in fact, & for the first time, stirred her tea round & round — her black tea, like a farmer's wife, & remembered going once in a char-a-banc for an outing — Nell was then a child in arms — as far as Backley which was not so very far from Carters: where the Inn was kept by people ~~Ages~~ But the Kitty whose name she had ~~forgotten~~. Mrs Robson remembered it, ~~perfectly well~~. positively beamed & handed on the news to her husband. ~~When~~ Yes, she was a little like now that she was at her ease, old Lady Fairhaven — ~~& her features~~ a blend of Lady Fairhaven & Biggs the cook: ~~a~~ a Lady Fairhaven who ~~had~~

Not an Aunt — perhaps a

— Kitty had mentioned Carter —

Helped her memory,

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without footmen, without real lace, without one diamond
fastening the real lace, but much the same outspoken,
forcible elderly woman; — Kitty for a moment saw
Lady Fanhaven in her room ~~at~~ in Berkeley Square:
with ~~the~~ a ~~[illegible]~~ Reynolds picture of an Earl in
Garter Robes over the fireplace: ~~but much the same~~
~~kind as Mrs Robson.~~ formidable, direct, stout, short,
shrewd; with a ~~plain manner of speech.~~
and rather surprising pronunciations & turns of speech.
~~Mrs Robson, Kitty~~

But now the door opened & in came Jo;

[take in]

Leaning back in her chair, Mrs Robson sipped &
sipped in the deliberate manner of those to whom
strong tea is not ~~drank~~ drink so much as tobacco — a
~~consolation~~, sedative, a consolation.

She was very proud of her son — Kitty guessed that. And his father, she thought, was rather unsympathetic

Again, Kitty asked herself, what did one say to a
young man like Jo? He came under none
of ~~her~~ the headings known to her. He was not reading,
rowing, Eton, Winchester — He was more like
George ~~who had k~~ the farmhand who had kissed her
in the haystack — & yet he was not like George. He
became ~~he had taken~~ in Sam's opinion, mending a
hen ~~co~~ house was not a job that need take a
whole afternoon. Why Sam could have done it in
half the time, Kitty gathered. She was rather
sorry for Jo — but again she.

He was ~~reading for going to~~ to be somehow connected
with Oxford too, like her father, anomalously.
irregularly. Then he looked at her. It was
not the look that the P— the Ms...
which did not mean that he admired her,
or that he did not admire her. And Kitty
felt that he had never been at a dance in his
life; & also she felt that if he

he asked her to pass her jam.

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like her, it would be a straightforward affair: she thought how ~~profoundly~~ darkly dimly, – for her ~~the~~ thoughts were never spoken – were concealed – if Jo liked me he would kiss me, as George kissed me. That ~~had~~ your had been one of the most vivid of her memories – being kissed by a farmhand when she was fifteen: under the shelter of a haystack – & suddenly Carter himself had loomed up leading a bull by a ring through its nose: & afterwards there had been a terrible scene with old Snap the farmer wife (the mother's old nurse had married Carter) She gave him the

The whole thing was very different from Sam.

The Lady.

Then she expected that Nelly would have taken her up to her room: but no. When tea was done, Nell disappeared. [illegible] into the kitchen, & she

And yet he was not in the least like any of the young men Kelly knew. Everything was different. ~~She~~ went on eating her tea. There was a ~~pleasant~~ cackling ~~& scrambling from the~~ & scrambling on the part of the children. They seemed to make a game of talking each other down. And now, the very moment their tea was done, they wanted to be off – Everybody wanted to be off, Kelly felt. ~~There would be a question of~~ ~~It might be a question of washing up.~~ Anyhow she felt that festive hours, like tea, were not ~~unduly~~ lingered over here. And so, she began to fidget under the table for her gloves; uncertain whether Nelly ~~Nell would~~ as Nell's friend she would share with Nell – vaguely suspecting that Nell lent a hand with the washing up, or with the children – But her doubts were solved by Mrs. Robson, who,

The children had finished their burst of conversation from the child

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was now of opinion that the visit was ~~a one~~ one of those
occasions when it fell upon her to do the honours of the
house. Therefore she ushered – ~~the word expressed~~ the
~~Expressed~~ ~~Exp~~ ~~Less~~ there was real ceremony in her
opening of the drawing room door – in her request
that ~~Nell~~ Kitty should precede her – ~~in her~~
into the little front room, where ~~bef~~ Kitty had
half read some sort of testimonial, ~~to~~ & had
decided that she was far too tall.' [Sam,
since this was a visit of ceremony, followed
them in. I & Just as Mrs Malone at the Lodge
would ~~point out this picture, or that to~~
show her guests the famous pictures, so Mrs
Robson ~~now~~ ~~displayed to Kitty~~ showed Kitty
~~things~~: the silver salver, presented ~~to my~~ her husband
~~by his grateful pupils~~: ~~the framed~~ .. &
[illegible] ~~rather solemnly~~, which had been given to
her husband ~~when he left~~ by his pupils when he
left – some school or other, to come here. And she
would have gone on to read out the certificates, or
~~for Kitty was~~ for ~~there was~~ every fact about
this remarkable family interested Kitty – she
was ~~wanted to know all at~~ only ~~wished~~
~~Mrs Robson would talk about herself~~ – when
Sam who, since this ~~was a visit of ceremony~~,
had ~~followed them~~ in, intruding ~~obj~~ . & He had
been fiddling with his watch chain in the
background & humorously tolerating his
wife's narrative. Now he ~~stepped~~ forward,
& asked ~~Kitty what she thought of that~~ old
& showed the photograph ~~that old woman~~
~~woman~~: looming up
almost life size from a waste of vacancy,
with her smooth hair shrewd eyes & innumerable
little buttons, was his mother. He said
"My old mother" he said.

It was a visit of
ceremony. of
inspection. Kitty
asked question.
She was shown
pictures: She
was then

She was shown
the certificates

~~She~~ It was a
by way of introduction
by way of
Explanation: &
~~somehow~~, A
These were the
trophies; their
guests at the
Lodge Mrs
Malone used
make her guests
to look at
pictures of
[illegible]
Martin

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Polite adjectives were obviously out of place. Kitty could
not say she was beautiful; or ~~that she was~~ she could
say that she was very like Sam, ~~only~~ save for
being dressed in her ~~best~~. & ~~Sam~~, as she looked at
the shrewd, capable old lady; obviously posing
perhaps for the only time, ~~so that~~ ~~not~~ in all
the stiffness & discomfort of best clothes, so that her
hands ~~grasped~~ seemed ~~instinctively~~, grasping ~~some~~
broom ~~or that was not there~~ — the photographer
had merely supplied a back — ~~& the~~
grasping an invisible broom — she could only
say ~~that~~ ~~she was~~ very ~~she~~ "You are very like
her Mrs Robson": on alright & ~~then~~ Mrs Robson.
gave an odd little snort. "~~She never~~
He's very ~~so~~ proud of his mother," said Mrs Robson.
~~Indeed,~~ ~~The snort so harsh~~ the
harsh snort, the snort which seemed to say
You may well ~~say~~ look at her — that's what I
come from — that's what I am" — to say it
triumphantly, proudly, combatively — the
snort of a selfmade man, ~~owning~~
remembering hunger, & hardship: a snort that
made Kitty feel a sudden rush of
selfpity; How easy she was thinking to her
dream, in this house. if she had been their
daughter, if she had been Nell — Nell
re-appeared in her overall — life it
seemed to her, would have been so ~~simple~~ absolutely
~~different~~. Not like her life; not all
dresses & dinners — it came over her that she
~~was dining at Bothwell~~ not right; American,
visitors; people staying in the house: they
not trying to coax Papa, trying to hide
things from Mama — ~~oh dear, she sighed,~~

Untouched

Sam thought the world of his mother"

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at last she turned from the enlarged photograph; &
~~shook hands, w~~ said ~~she must be going~~. This was
only a visit of ceremony, of initiation. Had she
passed the test? Would they admit her? — or
were there some fatal defect, displayed by her
gloves, her hat, some flaw in her composition
that they — Dad & Mum — saw through with
their shrewd, hard, eyes? She stood between
them like a suppliant, she felt; she stood
there, asking dumbly that they should not
~~exclude her,~~ reject ~~accept~~ her ~~too as one of the great~~
~~bred~~ Elect, ~~as a fresh like one of the~~ as one —
as ~~one, the hesitated; certainly~~ but should
~~place her along with~~ admit her deserve —
she had not expected it — to offer her
tribute — she had merely stared — to the
~~happiness &~~ ~~freedom she had found~~ — it was true
their taste was awful — but at tea, she wanted to
say, when you were all eating fish, &
Nelly ~~looked~~ was so good with the children —
~~So sensible, so~~ I felt ~~I could be~~
then I felt how I ~~h~~ wished, oh how I wished,
I ~~had been your one of you too. a~~ could
~~have to~~ live with you . . .
But again, she must not linger. Nell, in her
overall, was not going to ask her upstairs.
Nell was working to be a doctor. most girls of her age"
"Nell is very fastidious ~~Aid~~ For Kitty's
said her mother severely.
given that the overall was connected
with homework was . . . wrong. The
overall had something to do with —
Chemistry. ~~No daughter~~ Nell was to
be a doctor: she was not to bear 10 children

& so came in
with the
shavings in
her hair —
I felt . . .

up

has a great deal
to do for h
Gan

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to a working man is a four roomed Cottage like that
old woman. She was to be a doctor. She was to
Earn her own living. Nell hadn't got to pour out tea
for undergraduates.

Good bye she said. There were a lot of
them in the little hall. Jo was escaping: Nell was
going up stairs: the children were to be caught: the
Chicken no doubt had escaped; Mr. Robson
was going to put the finishing touches to the
her home; Mrs Robson was going to help wash up
tea.—

And I am just going home to dinner,
~~Stupid~~ Kitty thought.

The trees tossing off the rain the scattered husks & twigs.

She walked rapidly in the direction of what was
to her Oxford — there was no difficulty in finding
her way back. ~~The~~ ~~One~~ the little suburban streets
~~led to another.~~ crossed & re-crossed each other; ~~but~~
~~though they~~ the ~~obstacle they~~ with their chapels
unfamiliar chapels, ~~their Churches~~, their greengrocer
shops; ~~&~~ then the front gardens, ~~The almond trees & the~~
~~lilac trees~~, ~~The~~ ~~It had~~ For a moment the
sun was shining; & the damp pavements gleamed,
& a gust of wind tossed up the almond trees &
the lilac trees & seemed to Kitty — ~~she was only~~
~~twenty one — to be giving her~~ to be tossing her too,
up, ~~as this a wave of~~ excited, as she was by
her adventure; so that she for a moment
She was ~~filled with~~ ~~believed that she had only to~~
~~her~~ at she seemed ~~as about to let fall~~,
to ~~rise~~ to ~~have surmounted~~ ~~the obstacles of~~
all ~~difficulty~~, be on the top of her surroundings
to ~~a life that~~ was ~~freer & wilder than this~~,
to be — she ~~behold the~~ ~~the~~ ~~see~~ the

Which about with little pavements & bloom

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not ~~a walker along it~~, to be away from all this.
As the sky will, the ~~blue~~ brilliant space in front she seemed to be
looking down not on spires, not on houses, but on the
blue & black of some ~~storm~~ hurtling lunging hillside.
And then she came out in the High: there were the
cabs & the pigeons. the awnings. the bookshops. the
~~general air of~~ bathchairs, the clergymen. the
little knots of ~~more~~ old men gossiping, the flow of a
black gown. the ~~[illegible]~~ covey of pink & blue
dresses. the undergraduate carrying ~~books~~. cushions.
Somehow they looked to her ~~silly~~: rather frivolous:
~~rather~~ inane: ~~somehow~~ her sense of proportion was
changed. ~~She could~~ ~~why~~ to. ~~They then~~ To
the hammering still sounding in her ears: & then
~~[illegible] So with the [illegible] in her ears as~~ she passed
the usual young man in his black gown with his
books; ~~that~~ ~~the~~ there was something silly about
him — ~~book, book, book~~. the Mayor — something
evanescent, ephemeral. And the old men — the
severe dignified old men, — to her they looked like
everything looked staged, displayed, unreal, like
a scene in a play. The unreality of Oxford
came over her — its ~~for~~ theatrical side; the
scene-going a sight; not going to be looked at.
~~So~~ She passed the famous colleges. famous
chambers. To her, after tea in Prestwich's
Terrace, they seemed rootless, visionary
fabrics; containing a gala procession,
~~like the other~~ producing in her some ~~sense~~ ~~the~~ effect of
ceremony & show & unreality, so that
And she was part of that ceremony that then
that unreality — ~~they~~ the old procession
caught ~~her away to~~ at her too, as she
~~pa~~ walked home, with its fantastic
figures, ~~its~~ ~~How~~ ~~For~~ As she

a northern hill side.
a hill side

the broad
sun
dappled
street —

a little
silly.

gargoyles — something
carved, gothic
mediaeval,
unreal:

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waited for Mrs Cook to open the door of the Lodge she felt fundamentally
opposed to the airy fantastic world; to all these tables;
to all this ~~big~~ queer jargon, the place that was
thrown up by ~~Pr~~ Prestwich Terrace, that had no
connection with Prestwich Terrace, or with Yorkshire,
or ~~with any~~ : she had found roomy an uglier, soberer,
more satisfactory : she had come
hardly laughably learned & tormented by those unreal
voices: the better the bird. — & ~~she longed~~ to
for at the age of twenty one, ~~the~~ tea at
Prestwich Terrace ~~was one of~~ there seemed quite
to her that there ~~was a~~ were rings within rings —
words outside words, lives that cancelled them,
~~for~~ a most exciting puzzling contrast; a
defiance, a challenge: over there in the suburbs
another life altogether; over there, something
that made all this — Mrs Cook opened the door —
dark, hideous. faded, familiar, rubbed,
heavy, & somehow hopeless. Card lay on the
hall table. Through the door she saw the back
green garden: the famous tree that never
stood up & never lay down: the
& ~~the her frail~~ It was rather airy
clumsy weeds were ever more clumsy over a
warm hard body, curtly worn towns, matted,
padded. She listened. A bird chirped — a
gardener somewhere was mowing a lawn.
She peeped in to the drawing room. No one
was there. The picture hung above the
fireplace. And the flowers should have
been changed yesterday. ~~Bells began ringing.~~
~~She~~ She went slowly, ~~heavily~~, up stairs to
change. It was absurd no doubt to feel
anything so strongly. ~~It was~~ Yet, as she

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changed for dinner, Rodwell Terrace began to turn
~~into~~ solidify; to make itself into a picture;
to come out solid beyond lovely glittering wherein here
all was faded, dim — the floor sloped; there were
an oak beams in the walls: there was a nothingness
an ambiguity about them. She kicked off her
walking shoes. And vigorously soaked & scrubbed.
Anyhow that she could do as vigorously as she liked
But nothing else. Fragments of stubble — floating
odds & ends — errands — notes — [illegible] —:
that was her life. But what other was there?
There was Nelly's life: And her youth was going.
She was twenty one. She was drifting into that
foaming current in which one soon married. One
settled. Here in Oxford, — heaven — with [illegible] —
children were born. She liked children well
enough. But how could she, at twenty one,
cut off the odds & ends, these always tantalising —
escaping her, have a house, start a home, a
Dawn villa residence, with ~~one~~ two maids?
with wedding presents? She thought appalled
her. Yet here she was in the machine — the
deft light fingered, inescapable hands were
even now tugging at her, maliciously pinching
distracting, picking a petal; & all her being
seemed being picked like petals. She
took the rough towel in her capable
hands. She scrubbed her neck & shoulders. The fact was
dry till they tingled. She
to her face — She must face it
~~glanced~~ After all she had been in a
crest of ~~the~~ experience as she turned out of
Rodwell Terrace. Then she had seen
her fifty years to come all beneath her, in her
power, not to be lost, naked [illegible].
Morton — here she took her calendar
& began ripping its pages —

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after term was over – when after the holidays had been celebrated
in some alpine valley when her father was setting the [illegible]
[illegible] her with her panama at the back of her head in
the garden of the hotel, & her mother was sketching –
or was then, when the glaciers were being
dried between sheets of blank blotting
paper that she would spring it on her parents.
There would be a row. She would protest
Nelly – She would demand: . . . she would
be very busy, very sensible: she would say I want . . .
I've had enough of Oxford – she would say "I
want . . ." But the bell rang. She had to
Scramble, shoving her head through a hole in a
arms into her frock; buttoning hooking in haste.
Happily she was dining alone with her mother.
Running down the stepping stairs two at a time
She was in the hall as her father
issued out, in his gown; & Sir Hugh followed
her – Sir Hugh was also in his gown. how you've
My word Kitty –

Grown!

Her father ~~issued out~~ stood into the hall, in his gown: with
him was a tall man, almost bald, also in a gown.
There was still enough of Bertwick Terrace & the
Robsons in her eyes to make ~~them seem~~ both seem stiffen
~~dark~~; unfamiliar & ceremonious: The bald man
Exclaimed, "~~Mon Kitty~~ My word, Kitty! how you've grown!" to which
~~It was Sir Sir Henry Stafe Stanmer.~~ ~~& they~~ [illegible] Stanmer
She ~~replied~~ shyly ~~with they deferentially~~,
shook hands. ~~It was~~ Sir Henry was staying
with them of course; ~~& it was~~ some ~~for some~~
~~Dinner or other~~. Papa was taking him & they were going to dine in Hall.
There was some ~~dinner~~ ~~she had~~ some
Anniversary. And she felt, as she shook
the hand of this distinguished man, how impossible

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it was not to slip back into ~~that~~ all that – ~~His geniality~~
He was very genial, very courteous; ~~touched~~ pleased, she knew,
~~by the~~ as they always were, to come back again; to
be a guest at his old college – to see the little girl

under the table

who had crawled after a coloured ball when he was
an undergraduate grown ~~tall & strong~~ to be a woman, ~~now that~~
when ~~he came back~~, ~~a governor~~, ~~a~~ white & he, ~~so~~
bald as he was, ~~was very distinguished~~. himself ~~became~~
~~had more than justified what~~ was – she believed
that he ~~ruled a colony~~: ~~was~~ the governor of some island.
~~And~~ Her father was

She ~~dined alone with her mother~~ followed her mother into the dining room. Hiscock
padding in & out dealt them their plates: &
~~they sat side by side,~~ Kitty sat by her mother's
side, receiving her share of dish after dish,
~~in that~~ into that rather constrained ~~silence~~ ~~which always~~
fell on her with her mother. ~~So~~ much had to
be ~~bolt out, or grammed~~ before it was said.
~~And~~ They were so much alike; the days
seldom offered anything very different to either
of them; yet when Kitty came to ~~offer her~~ say
what she had done – it was all a matter of
~~engagements; that piece of news~~ –
seeing people, ~~hearing this~~ – before
she found herself leaving out, or correcting.
she spoke. ~~the mother was strict with her.~~ For instance, perhaps
~~Kitty did things without thinking~~: cab this afternoon:

She should

~~Kitty ought~~ to have taken a cab all that way alone.
perhaps it was wrong to walk, to paint one's
~~Perhaps~~ It was certainly wrong to paint her cheeks: but
cheeks – if Mrs Fripp did paint [illegible] – Mrs.
powder, white powder, was it not so banished as
Malone ~~eating her dinner~~, still very
last night; ~~but~~ more domestic; knew
upright, & curled, ~~ate her dinner~~ – seemed, to Kitty
seemed to know everything – without
at least, without doubts,

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weaknesses, though certainly a great many small
worries, & vexations so tried her daily. ~~She had~~
There had been something wrong about last nights
dinner — something about the wine. ~~In those master~~
~~Hiscock was~~ She annulled Hiscock: she received his
report, his explanation, as she ate her fish.

This is a dull fish — Kitty thought: the plates aren't
hot. This is stale bread, she thought. She had to
allow the immense superiority of the Lodge china, &
silver: ~~the chairs were~~ & furniture — except
that the room, with its creeper, & its vast
cracked canvases was so dark. Four silver
candles ~~scarcely~~ on the dinner table: a shaded
lamp on the side board — there was scarcely light to
see by. ~~It was raining again.~~ She looked out into
the garden at the semi-recumbent tree. ~~Then~~
It was raining again. She bit one of the
green sweets that were provided for her, & — then the
~~they went across into the drawing room~~ for the ladies
modest dinner, returned from last nights feast
~~for the two ladies~~ was over, & she followed
her mother into the drawing room.

× They were very much alike. Her mother was
almost ~~as~~ as tall as she was — Certainly she held
herself better. × The pictures were looking at the
chairs, she felt — The chairs were looking at the pictures.

Her mother had her own chair; a low one, beside a
silver table. & She sat on the settee opposite the
fireplace. They ~~were both rather silent, rather tired~~
Mrs. Malone put on her spectacles & began to read
~~the Times the~~. ~~Her mother~~ glance over the
advertisements in the Times. She liked to
know what was going on in London. The
Italian opera had begun. Madame
Albani was singing. The Joachim
Quartet was playing at St James's hall

Last nights dinner, renewed, was

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She read these advertisements aloud, though neither she nor Kitty
was specially musical. But people talked about
them— possibly they would go up to the Opera, or to
the Richter concerts later in May the next summer.
“I think the Fripps enjoyed themselves” she said,
What a charming man— scarcely like an American;
but she . . .”

~~She was lovely~~ she was lovely I thought” said Kitty
~~A little~~ Too ornate overdressed;— said Mrs Malone dryly:
She had seen things she did not like on the
dressing table. ~~What does a~~ ~~But then~~
And with that accent . . .

I rather like the American accent” said Kitty.
It was then that she & her mother irritated each other.

~~I must~~ say I prefer English on the whole” said Mrs
Malone. She had now opened The Times—
was casting her eye over the ~~bigger~~
more important announcements. There were
more dull letters about fluke in sheep.
There was a long article about religious liberty
in Turkey; & Princess Beatrice had been
given a birthday present by the German
Empress. Mrs Malone was a capable
woman; she liked to read articles if she had time.
Now she & considered which of the leading articles
she should master. There was as usual a
great deal about the new government— some
of the election results had just come in—
The names of Lord Beaconsfield & Mr Lowe
appeared in capital letters. ~~And she~~
~~read~~, the article asked said, ~~very justly~~, that
what is to be expected apart from the new
ministry, & how is it likely to address [illegible]

~~The~~ Mrs Malone felt that this was a most

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sensible conclusion; she identified herself almost daily with the Times leader writer. ~~And then~~ But the third leader, with its mention of American Cookery ~~went closer to her~~ meant more to her. The dinner last night had not been so good as usual — that was annoying — whenever one wanted to impress foreigners Biggs ~~lost her head~~, or seemed to be particularly heavy handed. The Lodge was a difficult house to manage — there were too many rooms — the basement was dark — the girls left: only this morning, Dora had given notice. Tin boxes with dents in the lids ~~again~~ & departed down the back stairs frequently. ~~Crying girls~~ Pale girls stood in tears before Mrs Malone again & again — Biggs & Hiscock remained. Well — the article was in praise of American Cookery was it? ~~She read on~~. But her

But of course, if Biggs was left single handed on the night of a party, things went wrong.

She looked at Kitty. Kitty was ~~[illegible]~~ doing nothing. She was lying back, instead of sitting bolt upright: she was rather untidy: her hair was not ~~[illegible]~~ as well done as it should have been: she was

"Dear," said Mrs Malone, "I should be so glad if you would read this to me, while I ~~finish~~ And then I must I to get on with my embroidery. write"

Kitty read aloud — the sort of thing people do write — that was how she realised the portly phrases, the easy lolloping ~~[illegible]~~ action, of the Times leader writer, as he cantered along down his column, with [illegible] [illegible] of Lord Chelmsford.

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She returned with a little sigh to the Times article.
It bore out her feeling again, so much so that she read
a sentence here & there aloud to Kitty — It was just
what she was always saying — "The working classes
Girl was no longer taught to cook . . " the
rich will find themselves one day reduced to the
painful necessity of cooking their own dinners, for
the cry still increasing is that there are no
cooks, & none can say where they are to come
from." "Whatever precisely Mrs Malone's . . . ."
Experience. . . The school itself."

already silly. . .
That rather sonorous sentence conveyed little to her.
But the conclusion was plain enough . . . the
time will come . when

~~Kitty thought~~ That ~~why~~. Kitty thought, ~~one can't~~
~~tell~~ talk to Mama ~~about~~ the Robsons.
~~Their views were hopelessly unlike.~~
"I ~~do hope the~~ ~~She would say~~ that Nell
ought to learn cooking: these were the people whom
Mrs Malone wished to keep at their duties. And
~~then~~ . ~~to~~ ~~Certainly the~~ That was why she
concealed her visit to the Robsons from her mother.
~~Having then fortified herself~~ by ~~feeding~~
Now that she had fortified herself with the Times
Mrs Malone laid aside the & unrolled the
long strip of embroidery which served ~~her~~ ~~as an accompaniment~~ into
night after night ~~to~~ as she sat in her own low chair; to talk ~~at the~~
weave the little casual after-dinner talk
Lady into ~~harmony~~. a ~~pleasant combination~~:
~~talk & silk;~~ talking & stitches: sometimes when they were
a pleasant uniformity. alone Dr Malone read aloud: ~~her stitching~~ — she
threading her needle with blue or green silk — she
was embroidering a cluster of leaves copied from

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an Italian picture – felt ~~that~~ as if the silk & ~~the woods were~~
Ventimiglia went together – She would have liked Kitty
to talk to her. Kitty had to pulled the Times
towards her. She knew that her mother wished for
talk. Yet she felt out of harmony tonight;
& remote; antagonistic. We have the best fish
flesh, fish & fowl in the world – ~~Can we~~ but we
cant cook it – She thought of her father & Sir
Henry eating these superb animals. not so very
far away. The best fish & fowls ~~certainly~~
were certain to be consumed at a College
feast. And working class children ought to be
taught how to cook these animals so that
her father & Sir Henry enjoyed them. ~~there had~~
~~Seen a~~ She thought of old Chubby gobbling.
She had had the [illegible] of looking down upon
a College feast, from a gallery. It was not a
~~pleasant~~ lovely sight, particularly. ~~all those~~
She ~~searched ed~~ looked about for little bits of
news that might interest her mother. But
~~there was~~. it seemed to be all about the strike in
Sheep, religious likely in ~~China, the~~
Turkey & the general Election. ~~True a poodle~~
True, Colonel Fraser's poodle had been stolen;
& a hansom cab – she was reading the police
Court news – had knocked over a coffee stall,
breaking the cups & saucers. " The driver
denied that he was asleep. She summed up; ~~but~~
he said his horse shied; but the magistrate said
he was unfit to drive a cab, & he was
committed to prison for seven days. Oh &
~~the~~ "And there's been an experiment with Electric
light at Gibraltar. / The Rock was lit up as
if by magic." Her majesty's ships Minotaur &
Agincourt... A brilliant light was
seen to shoot forth suddenly shooting out a

rows & rows of
old
Gentlemen
eating
more than
they
ought to
eat.
But strangers
liked to go & look

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out a profound ray across the water onto the Rock".
Tut tut tut said Mrs. Malone, ~~filling her~~
threading her needle with green silk — she was
embroidering a leaf pattern copied from a tomb at
Ravenna. It was intended for the best bed.

~~For a moment Kitty~~ The Rock had been lit up.
Every little cranny on the rock had been illuminated.
Kitty seemed for a moment frozen to see a red
rock; ~~livid~~, ~~full of~~ creased, pitted, as she had seen red
rocks, & the sea turning black, & the battle ships with their
For a moment the drawing room at the Lod ×
lit by the usual oil lamps looked dingy.
that it was all very remote, very unreal;
yet more vivid than the ~~cab~~ hansom cab & ~~the~~
Colonel Fraser's poodle; because ~~that was where~~
the thought of the brilliant light & the battle ships
~~appealed~~ attracted to her, ~~much~~ as the thought of
Carter farm up on the moors had seemed, that afternoon
to stand for ~~small~~ something infinitely
desirable.

"The Minotaur" said Mrs. Malone; "I rather
~~wasn't~~ Isn't George Manning on the Minotaur?
think so. I must remember to ask his mother.
I think his mother loved me ~~he was attached to the flag ship~~
so." She ~~filled~~ her needle with green silk. Kitty
searched the paper for ~~more~~ other little items of
interest, such as often dropped down in small
paragraphs to the bottom of the page. The
Oxford news was simply that a great many degrees had been
given including ~~to a great many~~ & that Prince
Leopold had opened the new High school for boys.
But she had succeeded in diverting her mother's
mind from the servants. By way of George

The thought of the
rock & the ships.
Wasn't
George Manning
on the
Minotaur?
I must

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planning who might be on the Minotaur & who might not, Mrs Malone had ~~reached what~~ arrived at the idea that it was time to take steps about making arrangements. Eights Week would soon be on them. This was the season of that required really very careful arrangement. Who were they going to have to stay with them? Kitty was fuming over the Times in search of interesting items of news. When it was plain that the search was fruitless, Mrs. Malone who had been thinking that ~~of~~ Kitty refused to have a maid then she must spend more time over her hair, said

"I think we ought to ask the Pargiters this year — ~~Milly or~~ one of the girls, & their father. Edward was saying his mother seems still about the same — after all, it may be his last term — ~~that is to say if~~ ~~he~~ ~~it might be worth his while to stay up~~ — though from what Papa was telling me the other day, it seems they think very well of him: They think he stands a very good chance of a fellowship: ~~What a good looking boy he is~~!" ~~she concluded.~~

Kitty ~~sighed~~ & put down the paper. A little frown came on her face. The frown, the untidy hair, the silence, ~~the~~ — to Mrs Malone they all signified that Kitty was not nearly as much help to her mother as Mabel Lathom Durham was to hers — ~~it was~~ so vexatious. Kitty had a thousand advantages. Other girls would give their eyes to be in Kitty's position — ~~the only daughter of the~~ ~~Master of Katharine's~~ — Everything was made so extremely nice for her.

We could ask one of them — said Kitty impassionately. "Eleanor's the one I like"

Poor Rose, I'm
afraid it
hopeless —

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Yes, but I dont suppose that Eleanor can be spared at
home" said Mrs. Malone, rather pointedly

Then ~~shall~~ must I ask Milly or Delia? said Kitty.

I dont want you to ask anybody you dont want to
have, Kitty" said Mrs Malone. Its not
for my pleasure that I ask people — its
because they expect to be asked."

Scenes like these were always happening now.
What was the use of them? None that Kitty could see.
She could never make her mother understand.

Then I'll ask Milly, Kitty said briefly. Mrs
There was ~~also~~ silence for a moment. Mrs
Malone drew her thread in & out.
I'm afraid you're not interested at all.
Why dont you care for the things other girls of
your age care for Kitty she asked.

Mama dear, Kitty began, deprecating the old
argument.

Whatever do you want to do? her mother continued.
~~We dont want to~~ Papa & I only wish you to do
what you want to do.

It was no use starting the discussion in
the beginning of the May term, Kitty knew that.

Mama dear, she repeated again.

You could help your father, if it bores you
helping me." Mrs Malone continued.
She referred to the history of Katharine's on which
Dr Malone was engaged. ~~Or you you could~~
~~take up something — you could~~ ~~You could be~~
~~a great help to him~~. He told me the
other day that you never came now."
It was true: Kitty had so shirked the
task that her father had set her — the

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Evening after evening she had made some excuse for not going
to him, between tea & dinner, & helping him with his
genealogies: his investigations. But then she was
not much good at it. She saw the ink
flowing in one black stream over five generations
of Oxford men — he was making a list of
every man who had ever been to Katharine's since
its foundation — a monumental work. A
Kitty only wasted his time — she knew that.
No I know, she said guiltily. "But then there's
always something —

Naturally, said Mrs Malone, with some asperity.
with a man in your father's position. ~~there are~~
Eccentricity - she could not understand her daughter's
grievance.

there is a great deal to be done.

She sighed, as she stuck her needle in & out.
The sigh, the little involuntary breath drawn by
her, ~~not~~ without words, a sigh came from some
far away, hidden, ~~sadness some we~~ weariness,
~~were the voice of some deep~~ contemplate
disappointment, some moment of sad
disappointed contemplation. stung Kitty more
than any words. Under all their bickerings
their ~~the~~ animosities, ~~their~~ the straining to
combat, the strain to get free, they loved each ~~other~~
in a ~~with a profound, curiously~~ love for each
~~other~~ each other with a And yet they
always quarrelled. And yet it sometimes
seemed to Kitty that even she ~~only~~ who understood
knew how remarkable a ~~woman~~ man her
mother was. The undergraduates laughed at her.
Her father ~~hardly never knew half the things she did.~~
~~Kitty~~ took credit for grants. Kitty

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the pathetic
self
control, the
for Courage,
the remorseless
ideas:

saw ~~her~~ when some else was there. How she worked –
what infinite trouble she took – It seemed to Kitty
incredible sometimes the number of things her mother
did in the course of one day – the arrangements,
the servants, the notes: the doing this that & the other.
There seemed always to be something her mother had
to see to. And yet & yet [illegible] – to Kitty it was
all pointless – ~~that was the truth [illegible]~~ for
hardly that was. Not for mama; not for Papa.
They adored the College – They ~~lot~~ lived for the
College. ~~Mama~~ Mrs. Malone ~~knew~~ cared for it a just as
much about ~~it as~~ as her husband did. She
~~Considered hardly as much as~~ She was as much
the Mistress as he was the Master.
They would have been lost without the college.
~~She Mrs Malone knew just as much about the~~
~~different undergraduates as he did her husband did.~~
her mother's eye.
Looking up she caught a much younger woman:
within. There still lived a much younger, a little
somebody unkempt, very [illegible], a little
unawakened: a [illegible] girl, who had been brought up
in a little remote village, away from
books, concerts, pictures: ~~a tough~~ rather a shrewd
capable young woman; upon whom had been
imposed this capable housekeeper. They had
much in common – she & Kitty. It was
only fear, & convention, & the coercion
some contraction that had made Mrs
Malone so severe – so narrow – so
She accepted Oxford: Mrs Robson hated it:
after all, to her the change had been a change
from complete servitude to independence, power,
life. She only wished her daughter to profit.
~~And her daughter only wished to~~ So. She

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To Mrs Malone

There was that ~~dear young Lord Lasswade~~: there was
Edward Pargiter: to Mrs Malone, Either & then

She admired her mother very much — if only,
if only her mother would realise that
And ~~she~~ she her mother loved it. Nothing would induce
her to give up any of her authority to Kitty.
~~Really there was no place f.~~ There was
nothing really for Kitty to do — nothing that she could
She ~~fuss muddled her~~
Well suppose you write to Milly then. said Mrs
Malone.
~~Young~~: She knew almost as much about the
undergraduates as Dr Malone did. Kitty muddled
them up.

Well suppose you write to Milly then" said Mrs
Malone. And then . . .
Well then if you had Milly you had Edward:
~~Radiating~~ the party began to arrange itself. as
~~puzzles did~~. a puzzle did, ~~comp~~ taking shape
~~gradually, cautiously, a names~~ tentatively;
names come ~~names being suggested~~ pro
~~with due consid for all sorts of~~ of
for ~~it was~~ all sorts of claims, had to be
considered; & for there ~~were~~ were considerations, co
objections, qualifications; ~~were present in~~
of all kinds. ~~names~~ & the party coaled & at last
co ~~obligingly~~, emerging at last from all sorts of
objections & qualifications. — ~~a possible~~
Kitty sighed tentatively cautiously; names
coming forward, names retiring, names being
finally ~~approved~~ or at any rate conditionally
approved. Taking with an engagement book
on her knee Kitty ~~began~~ ~~making~~ drawing
~~what was the~~ almost lost consciousness of what

do as
well as
her mother
did it.
Her mother
had a
marvellous
memory for

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she was doing.

Thats enough for tonight said Mrs Malone ~~so~~ abruptly. ~~It did not amuse her particularly~~. She was always ~~glad when the Summer term was over. For her it was a very strenuous term~~. It did not after all amuse her particularly, arranging parties:- but it had to be done. ~~To her~~ It was ~~part of her business~~ ~~And~~, ~~"You go to bed now" she said~~. "~~What~~ ~~was~~ There's no need to write ~~letters tonight~~." she said Kindly: ~~Go to bed~~. "Go to bed Now Kitty ~~Nell~~" she said to her daughter, ~~with that the~~ kindly, ~~feeling~~ with ~~that~~ a little touch of uneasy, groping doing affection; ~~as if she knew that she had been~~ She would have liked to understand Kitty's; ~~queerness~~; queerness: her difference from herself: but after all, compared with her own girlhood up in the North, how very fortunate Kitty's was! Why, when she was Kitty's age she would sit at on a ~~[illegible]~~ spring evening like this ~~a~~ till the silence suffocated her. Her father would be asleep, after a days riding. They talked of nothing but crops & animals. The visit of a foxhunting parson was the only excitement. And then in the winter, when the snow came, when they were cut off for weeks together, And dear mama's only interests were in the home. ~~Really the~~ ~~A~~ And here was Why Kitty with all ~~Oxford at her feet~~. The Young Lord Lammermoor, ~~the Mas~~ ~~might marry~~. ~~well~~ – every kind of opportunity: every sort of dances dinners, picnic. young men admiring her –; ~~But~~ Lord Lammer coming twice this term; Edward Pargiter; Mr

Exhausted by them.

She had once gone to the window & said– Is this life?

bolting, baking ~~seeing to the~~ house.

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~~She would~~

Kitty had risen & was stretching herself, yawning, looking taller than ever; with her hand up to her hair. She knew it was untidy. ~~Hair~~ It was easy, unconscious; her action struck her mother with a pang of physical tenderness; for the body she had brought forth: the young untried body; ~~& of~~ a body that meant to be destined ~~for~~ fit to bear children; — ~~&~~ to ~~the thought of Kitty~~. ~~but Possibly, the thought,~~ Lord

(But not Edward. Not Mr. Ashton. Lasswade — that would be very nice: but She was thinking of the possible suitors.

Kitty stood ~~went down to kiss her~~ to her

She ~~never~~ ~~the~~ just brushed her mother with her lips. It was an unaffectionate embrace.

"But aren't you coming too, mama" she said.

You look tired

No, my dear I shall wait up for papa.

March 5th

NYPL

Part Two

9th March
1933

Colonel Abel Pargiter was sitting in the window
of his Club after luncheon, talking. Naturally
since his ~~ft~~ companions were men like himself,
men who had been soldiers, men who were now in
government employment, they were ~~talking shop.~~
~~seeing the world from the same angle; as a~~
~~they had known the same people;~~ telling stories of
old ~~& talking, largely of~~ people ~~men~~ they had ~~all~~ known;—
that was their past; ~~& also they were discussing~~ But the
~~the which led, in a sense, to some & their~~ also
past led ~~to a discussion of the present, &~~
with many anecdotes to the present; & so to
general discussion of what was likely ~~to happen in~~
to be the ~~[illegible]~~ government policy in the ~~India~~ Egypt.
~~Here their voices dropped,~~ ~~for Co~~ Major Elkin
~~had actually heard~~ had it ~~from~~ the Major
Elkin wa~~s privately~~ had it ~~heard~~ on the best
authority — ~~hear~~ here the voices of the four
men dropped: with a ~~f~~ brief wave of the hand
Colonel Abel dismissed the servant who was
removing ~~the~~ coffee cups. Their heads all
came close together; ~~as they commented upon the~~
~~Cabinet gossip.~~ & their ~~voices gained that~~
~~the voices gained a certain the the voices,~~
became quick, decided; ~~& at~~ ~~curtly,~~ their
~~while the others were talking.~~ the Colonel
Pargiter ~~leant back. A~~ rose. He walked
to the window. which looked ~~on~~ down on
Piccadilly. Holding his cigar he looked down
at the omnibuses. the hansom cabs. the vans.
He was out of it all — his ~~gout~~ attitude
He had no longer any say in
raised to say.

Centenced, curt, quick. semi-private as of under a third.

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his country's affairs: When he turned, a moment later, to speak to his friends the little group had broken up. They were gone. But ~~Colonel~~ the Colonel had no where in particular to go. He had no office. He had no appointment. So he turned back again to the window that looked down on Piccadilly.

Everybody in that crowd, it seemed to him, ~~had~~ a must have ~~urge~~ ~~urgent business~~ — some end in view: some business they were hurrying towards — even the ladies in their victorias, in their broughams. It was a fine afternoon early in October, & though the scene was not gay as it was in June, it was brisk with another kind of animation. But for himself what then? ~~there~~ was ~~only tea at the Club~~ nothing, ~~but~~ nothing but poor Rose ~~failing~~; each day ~~saw she seemed~~ getting weaker; ~~but so she had seemed weaker for all the summer~~ & yet, — ~~week, she must die — he knew there was only one~~ end, ~~they said, &~~ to it; the [illegible], with weary distaste, he recalled the face of the new nurse, whom he had passed on the stairs that morning — a ~~cheery~~ very ugly ~~depressing~~ woman ~~[illegible] female.~~ but it was & nurses in the house ~~& He turned from~~ & the inevitable end. He picked up the newspaper — looked at ~~some rather ridiculous~~ pictures of the Prince of Wales stag shooting at Braemar. ~~There was no news.~~ He looked at a picture of the west door of Cologne Cathedral. He looked at a picture of a ~~wounded Mussulman~~ British officer taking a wounded Mussulman & his under his protection. But the thought of fighting in Afghanistan brought back his ~~vague~~ discontent. Here he was, a man little

& some time —
week some time
afterw—

[illegible]

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past the prime of life, superannuated, superseded, ~~given~~ nothing whatever to do, all because ~~as~~ he had spoken out his mind freely ~~as a man~~ should, & had thus put ~~himself in the power~~ of that confounded gang. ~~Just was~~ would see to it. It was then that the Colonel ~~now~~ had summed up his case against the War Office. To do him justice, he seldom talked of the matter openly. Privately he was convinced that his action upon a certain occasion had been too independent: his criticisms had been ~~resented~~ repeated — hence, ~~though he~~ what practically amounted to ~~the~~ his dismissal. ~~He was therefore~~ ~~Naturally~~ ~~therefore he inclined to criticise 'governments'!~~ ~~but Gladstone ministry would~~ ~~there was always a~~ ~~chance of some such a new government.~~ Hence he was a severe critic of all governments. ~~He~~ The one would probably be as bad as the other. He searched the paper for foreign news: but there seemed to be very little news of any kind at the moment. — For his own part, he looked for trouble in Egypt & in Africa. ~~There~~ Then there was this Irish business. He disliked the Irish business, because it drew attention from the really ~~danger that~~ important struggle which was going on ~~South Africa~~. India & Africa.

~~The~~ But a sense of his own impotence had ~~taken away~~ lessened the ~~zest~~ with which he had read the foreign news. He rose & ~~placed~~ it put it back on the table. He could do nothing about it after all. He rather thought, as he made that, one of these days (his euphemism for the time when Rose was dead) he would give up London altogether: sell the house: & buy a small place in the country: &

There would be no more fighting for him.

a a certain high officer

in high quarters:

without any charge against him, one obstacle after another had been put in his way.

He Practically he had been shelved.

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take up farming. But as he walked off stepped out into Piccadilly
& ~~saw~~ he knew that ~~this~~ already, even at the age of
fifty six or so, he was damnably tired. ~~Flow~~ —
Dulled ~~with~~ the strain of many months of them when he could not
~~see~~ ~~detach~~ ~~any~~ clearly ~~image~~ of the woman whom he had married
when he was only twenty five: ~~A~~ The bed room, a hot bedroom,
that was the image that ~~came to him~~ he now after all these months
presented to him: that would go: but there were the children;
~~there was~~ the girls, he supposed, must have their chance of
marriage: & there was also —

Indeed he had known, this hour past, while he was
listening to Dent, Ellis & Mathews, talking the gossip,
& while he was reading the paper, that he would
~~go & see~~ go round ~~by~~ & see Mira's this afternoon, ~~to see~~ if
~~she were~~ in. After all, she ~~liked~~ was glad to see him.
The other fellows went — it had hurt him, on
turning round, to find that they had all gone;
~~all had some thing they were after~~ But there was Mira. There was
What else was there for him to do? Who else
wanted him? Therefore instead of going
East into the active quarter of the town, or as he would have liked to do
west ~~to the~~ Abercorn Terrace was not attractive — he
went across the Green Park towards Westminster.
The leaves were beginning to turn & to burn bright on the trees.
There was a sparkle in the air; a general
feeling of combustion; as if heavy green of
summer were being set fire to; & the blue
~~mist~~ smoke hung ~~between~~ over the houses; &
~~for a moment~~ ~~seemed~~ came ~~to be the~~ from
~~result~~ of leaves being & weeds burning,
~~along~~ ~~the damp~~ & so ~~seemed to give~~ ~~even~~
London a ~~rustic taste~~ hint of London
with all its traffic & pavement ~~were~~ had for a
moment ~~something~~ wept for a moment rustic. sunburnt, a
But trees & leaves
little countrified.

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made little impression on Colonel Pargiter.
He bore through the Park looking straight ahead of him.
When he came to Westminster he slackened.
It was not that he had plenty of time on his hands;
it was not that the shops interested him. He
stopped. ~~with his hands behind his back. to consider~~ a
~~look at a book~~ shop window because ~~although he~~
~~knew where he was going~~, ~~tho~~ he did not altogether-
altogether approve; ~~And it was~~ he did not like having to
make sure that he was not seen. But every time he
approached the little street which lay under the
shadow of the abbey, ~~which~~ the dark old street
~~which~~ that seemed so very narrow, so old, so
without standing & respectability, though it was
~~blessed by~~ dignified by its neighbour the great
Church, ~~by~~ & bells seemed always to be ringing,
& the muffin man patrolling, & small children
screaming, — he had to look to right & to left,
& then to walk very sharply to number
thirty & ring the bell with a jerk. He did not
wish to be seen standing on that doorstep.
He ~~asked the elderly woman at for Mrs. Sims.~~
~~Directly he was inside,~~ He did not like
Mrs. Sims who let him in. He always
entered Mira's room looking sulky. And
when he had to wait, as on this occasion, he
was uneasy. He heard steps on the floor above.
He heard unfamiliar rather unpleasant
sounds ~~downstairs~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of people ~~[illegible]~~
~~downstairs~~ — a ~~loud~~ child squalled. And
the cries of children playing in the street
seemed to ~~increase the~~ emphasize the fact that
all this was sordid, discreditable, ~~not at~~ all
a neighbourhood where he was ill at ease; but —
the door opened. Mira, his mistress, ~~had~~
was not quite at her best in the afternoon.

standing upright by the draped fireplace.

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The evening light was kinder to that rather jaded, rather
common, face: & yet when she came in, full of
apologies ~~a chatter, & loud voice, lifted from~~ &
rather un-lady — she dabbed her hands to her head-
as if she ~~even~~ would have liked ~~more~~ another time to so quickly to
tidy herself, but must not keep him waiting; a
there could be no doubt that it was well
worth ~~everything~~ it. ~~To~~ Of course she was not a perfect lady
lady. Of course she wore too many cheap ~~brooches~~
jewels. ~~But that curious~~ But she exclaimed
when she saw her protector so naturally,
"Oh Teddy dear!" she was so much younger than
he was, so ~~much less~~ so light, so pretty,
stiff, so much in love with him, & so
entirely dependent on him. that before the
Colonel had been seated ten minutes in ~~it~~ his chair;
he felt different: he looked different. He lost his
stiffness, his sternness. He adopted a different
manner. He became ~~stern, & youngish~~ &
what ~~so much a ridiculous~~ lovable
human ~~being, with a~~ ; & rather comic.
He became almost sportive & ~~when he~~ at the
same time, ~~all his with the crumbling~~ of his
They were perfectly easy with each other. They
talked as He had given up & let her
kiss him twice, not ~~as~~ passionately but
playfully, as if there were some ritual
about kissing — the two kisses, one on each cheek,
given lightly, were part of a private comedy,
something familiar, peculiar, part of a
queer close intimacy, — part of a private life
what was not ~~at all~~ known to anyone else —
certainly Of course he knew that he was
not sure of this was respectable. ~~He knew~~
~~that Moira Miller was not his~~ She was not a
lady: ~~she was not~~ her room was very
cheap: her ways were theatrical; she

— she pulled out his own chair

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far too apt to allude to a mysterious, ~~words~~ parts ~~which~~ she would
~~boast~~ anything that jarred on him: that made him
contemptuous: that he ~~shrewdly~~ well knew were lies.
But the little fence of falsehood ~~so~~ was no real
obstacle: the ~~mysterious uncle who had~~

~~And~~ she depended entirely on him. That he
knew: made her endearments were for that reason — so
he supposed. But ~~after the first~~ there had been
no serious quarrel in all the five years of their
acquaintance. She provided him with ~~the~~ his only
completely easy hours — hours, like this one, of
silliness, of archness: of gossip: of little odds & ends that
amused him; of ridiculous confidences: of
~~perfectly homely easy intimacy~~ She had a smoking
cap, for instance, which she made him wear. She
had a ~~long~~ a small dog which suffered ~~from~~ the
with its ears; she had a friend called Ida;
she had been to the Aquarium: & she had
mewed her baby every minute of the time.
~~She was not made do, also, upon extremely little.~~

~~It was~~ Sometimes the Colonel seemed to
be only very very old: & then he was a child beside her.
There were all sorts of things he did not know about her.
And he had told her a great many lies too.
But at the moment, sitting there with her
absurd cap at the back of her head, he felt
that she & he were friends, lovers, had ~~together~~
& the shady world, with its Idas, its Lumi's, &
the dog, was to him like a fountain of peace
water, a green grove, something real, warm,
pleasant, ~~on the~~ on the side the formal
high road: There was no reason why they
should not rest together. She was a sensible
girl. She never asked questions. She ~~enjoyed~~
only that — the hot bedroom; ~~Town~~ Club:
~~What the~~ She had the odd sense of her
kind. It might even be that there

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was somebody else in her life. The Colonel did not
know. After all, it was not likely that a
girl who allowed a gentleman, who came into
the office ~~to ask whether about his~~ he could get a
ticket for the Italian opera, ~~ha~~ a in a hurry late
one night asking for a stall, ~~to give her flowers~~ —
it was there that they had met five years before —
~~it was not like~~ who allowed a gentleman to
take her to the play, to give her flowers, & so to
proceed to the next stage, it was not likely that she
should be without some other admirers. It was
~~It was unlikely that~~ As for the rich brother in America,
But none of this mattered, between four & six, in the
front sitting room: that bright afternoon. She was
~~But for the time being~~ It was not a settled
~~solid world~~ at all; ~~perhaps that was part~~
~~at night break up~~ perhaps that was
part of its charm; but for the moment it was
this private world was good enough. His
cares left him there. He became recovered his
belief in himself. ~~To her, this big man~~
In her shifting precarious world, this
the Colonel represented solidity, respectability,
a fund of bottomless wealth. She took his
money of course. She had a child of ten,
who boarded ~~out~~ in the country. But she
was careful not to drag in any other — not to
produce her. The only laid troubled him wit-
about petty worries like ~~Bogy~~ Boggy's ears.
The little brute was made to stand on
her knee; & the Colonel, who had given the
matter much thought, took out his glasses &
examined the interstices of the dog's ear.
Mira took the opportunity to kiss him, where
his collar joined his neck. His glasses fell off.
She
And Mira, put them on Boggy.

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knew, by instinct, that her great boy was out of temper.
In that mysterious upper world of Clubs & family
mansions ~~things~~. Mira suspected, matters were not going well.
So she redoubled her attentions. She flitted — her
figure still allowed her to glide between chair &
table, to sit on her knees, before the fire,
to perch ~~ε~~ lightly on ~~he~~ the arm of his chair — it was
a very battered chair with hard ~~[illegible]~~ springs in the
seat. ~~But~~ ~~He never~~ And ~~then~~ she chattered on
about things that ~~existed within their private world~~
And so she drew round him the curtains of their
private world; ~~the~~ that frail dubious intimate
cosy place — until, having made her tea, more made a big meat-
when she was alone — when she was alone she ate,
She put the sparingly than usual, — she ~~did not~~ ~~to~~ her Bogy
would never touch tea — she slipped onto the
hearthrug, & took her hair down. She said it was
disgracefully untidy. The long strands fell over
her shoulders — it was beautiful ~~fair~~ ~~& gold~~
a little disturbed, but hair, her great beauty. The hair fell down,
& ~~she~~ ~~slid~~ ~~she put~~ as she took out pin after
pin; Bogy stroked & kissed her head. She
leant her head against his knee. The children
were still screaming in the street. ~~Far away~~ But
a barrel organ began to play, & they ran off in
that direction. Dark was falling.

D'you want a light? she asked.

No, the Colonel preferred this dubious
firelight. His hand began stroking her neck. It
reached further than it should have done. She
~~clasped his knee~~. She ~~was not~~ But at
that moment Mrs Sims came heavily past the
door. ~~There was a message for Mira.~~ was
~~wanted~~ She did not knock. She stood
outside & whispered — this was to the Colonel
the unpleasant part of this dubious world,
when Mrs Sims — whispering ~~respectfully~~; ~~[illegible]~~ she whispered that
out on the landing:

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Its a dreadful man come about the water

something, & Mira had to go out, & leave him, setting there by the fire exacerbated. Then Mira returned.

"Its my washing" she said. "And I haven't any change." She went to the side drawer in the sideboard, & began fumbling ~~took out~~ a long creased looking bill.

"How much?" said the Colonel, fumbling with his fingerless hand. to find a ~~ten~~ shilling: she [illegible] Mira was fussy ~~Mira read the bill~~. It was ten & eight pence. He gave her a sovereign. When she came back, ~~he refused the silver~~. Then they settled down — ~~again~~ he would not take the change — & ~~his hand~~ her head, leant further upon his knee; her hand was under his calf: his hand began again to explore ~~the~~: ~~until~~ ~~they~~ the s ~~Nasy~~ & so they sat, with the little dog in its scratching, the fire sinking, & shelling showers of ashes through the bottom of the grate, until the lamplighter passed down the street. & on the ceiling suddenly shone out a trembling yellow light.

~~Everything~~ The other world fell away from him: here he was ~~very~~ ~~yo~~ ~~a~~ as his own again, as he had been ~~when he was~~ once; & things were still possible: he was relieved of all the weight of his life: he was ~~a~~ extravagant, romantic, amusing here, & ~~rather~~ a lover. In the descending shades ~~A young woman~~ Mira was young, too, & romantic; & so that they were in each ~~others arms~~, were very happy, reckless & ridiculous, as the fire shifted & poured showers of ash through the grate: ~~Then~~ the ~~lamplig~~ a wavey yellow light shone on the ceiling: the lamplighter had lit the lamp under the window. ~~It seemed~~ to ~~They were~~ She was at ~~that mo~~ lying on his knee, when x . . .

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It was so fine ~~an afternoon~~ that afternoon, that Delia,
~~when they~~ who had promised to sit with her mother
between tea & dinner, could scarcely bring herself to go
into the bedroom. ~~The sunset was~~ The front
windows ~~looked East.~~ ~~West.~~ ~~at~~ at Abercorn
Terrace looked West. Half the drawing room was
barred with yellow; as usual the light ~~caught on~~ struck the
windows of a great Dutch cabinet ~~filled with~~
Venetian glass; & made them burn: it
Like all sights at 58 Abercorn Terrace this one ~~was~~
had been repeated so often that ~~was~~ the
blazing windows & the Dutch cabinet meant to Delia
an autumn ~~evening~~ afternoon in London. She looked
~~at~~ the sky. ~~It was magnificent.~~ above the houses
opposite was magnificent. ~~there were~~ Long flamingo coloured
plumes of cloud lay like feathers ~~very high in a so blue so~~
so bright, so in the blue, so that she could
wanted to tell somebody to look at them. But
there was nobody there. It was Eleanor's
afternoon at the Grove: Milly had gone to a party;
it was her turn to sit with her mother
She went slowly upstairs. When she came to
the bedroom door she paused. She ~~sighed~~ drew in a
deep breath — it was not a sigh; it was that she
dreaded the hot sickroom. She must always
fortified herself thus before she went in to that
rather hot, flower scented, medicine room, with its
~~invariable smell~~ & scented smell, of flowers, of
medicine: its strain; its hush. The nurse got up
as she came in: she signed to Delia that Mrs.
Pargiter was asleep. Delia took her place in
the low chair at the foot of the great
brass bed.

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~~after all these months~~, ~~Mrs~~ She Pargiter could only ask questions now.
She could & always to be asked questions for an hour on
end was the most exhausting ~~of all~~ form that talk
could take. But this evening ~~Mrs Pargiter was~~
~~asleep~~. The nurse ~~signified so much, that~~
~~m~~ signified that Mrs Pargiter was asleep. She
rose very feebly from her low chair & Delia
sat down there as silently as possible.

Lying in the shadow with her face ~~both~~ resting on her
hand, Mrs Pargiter slept, after a bad night,
heavily, unnaturally, as if she were ~~not~~ wandering
even in sleep ~~down~~ in some ~~puzzling~~ world which
perpetually put little obstacles in her way.
only her eyes were shut. ~~to~~ Her fingers were
bare of all rings except her wedding ring. &
perhaps for this reason she seemed removed from
life, simplified. Her face was rather heavy,
~~rather p & fair~~ the skin patched & stained,
& the hair, which had been so red, was now
silver white & yellow. For many weeks now,
Mrs Pargiter had looked like that. Delia could
see no change. There was nothing for Delia to do
except to sit there. There was no book within
reach, no paper. She felt extraordinarily
~~active &~~ repressed; her activity ~~was~~ curbed,
her body ~~stiff held tight~~, subdued; she
~~could~~ must not even fidget. And yet,
everything seemed to be at full tide in her;
~~she wanted~~ as she sat there she felt a bar of
iron laid across her. She was only twentytwo.
And yet as she sat there it seemed to her
that she was a full of energy, full of power;
~~It was~~ not fair she felt: her mother was
sixty. She was only twenty two. And
again & again & again she had to submit, to
~~they~~ there she
be held down, not to fidget.

& she still
saw them

also a
bright
incongruous:
like the
yolk of
egg

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sit, doing nothing till nurse relieved her. Beside her
mother's bed hung a long narrow looking glass in
which part of the sky, part of the street was
reflected: there was a dazzle of light in it.
The sunset struck on the dressing table in the window.
Silver brushes & combs & hair cut glass boxes were
tipped with light. If Delia could have turned,
she could have seen up the street: but she did
not dare move: the wicker chair creaked.
She ~~looked at all the things~~ There were flowers on the
little table: there were photographs; ~~in a~~ in a
folding frame. ~~Everything~~ Arranged by the nurse,
there was a ~~neatness~~ unreality about
~~place~~ the room; as if it were what an invalid's
bedroom should be. Above her mother ~~was the~~
two ~~watercolour sketches~~ her ~~parents~~ hung
~~the portraits of her father~~ engravings; And above
her mother's head hung ~~the~~ a crucifix; beside her,
were ~~a bible~~ two little dark books, a bible, a prayer book,
& a ~~two~~ vase with lilies of the valley
Delia had seen it all so often. None of
it had ~~seemed to~~ interested her; it served to stay her
restlessness. There was nothing for her mind to take
hold of — nothing but ~~that~~ the looking glass:
~~which was giving its own~~ that was
different because of the sunset: ~~that~~ changed
~~Except by~~ ~~But that~~ And she by lying back
she could see the sky only. But
~~she lay back & tried to think of~~
She had never felt more restless, more
pent in; more completely dissatisfied
& put on edge, & madly despicable,
by this daily visit to her
helpless health.
mother. ~~She~~ She began
If you really believed all that

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she said she looked at the crucifix, at the holy books —
then: .. Yes if her mother believed she would
surely be glad to die. People said they were glad to
die; they believed ~~that~~ in Heaven; they acted ~~said~~, accordingly,
But you dont, Delia continued: you dont believe,
you dont do anything. You lie there & nobody
can pass over. You ~~[illegible]~~ make it impossible
for any one else to live. You suck up my life
& here I am, biting my nails: merely
to deceive nurse. And I dont deceive her. Nobody
What strange passage of light was there, when one died?
They thought one went straight from this to a
kind of lit up glorified glass roofed world —
— she was dazed by the reflection of the sunset in
the looking glass — They think one has plumes,
feathers: that one sits harking — I dont know
what they think she concluded: savagely.
They dont really believe a word either.
Her mother muttered something in her sleep.
Delia looked at her guiltily. In her heart
she disliked her. And the others' did not.
In her heart she had only one wish — that it
it should end: this intolerable strain:
~~She forebode. She~~ It was a wish that she
had to conceal: It was a wicked thing to wish.
She tried, once more, to flog up the feelings
that a daughter should have. ~~[illegible]~~ of to
~~Spite her only title~~ She could only

But in it
to spite her

recall her mother scolding her; her mother
adding up the weekly books with a
frown; her mother complaining that they
were dirty, were late; her mother fussing
about tea clothes, or some undefined
if there were any beauty, any extremity
in that soft weak face — But to her

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there was on the contrary a physical repulsiveness in it.
It made her think of a pear or an apple which has
gone soft & brown. with its little creases, its
look of bonelessness.

But once we were very happy at Lyme
Regis she told herself. I can remember mama
~~smiling when I came to her.~~ being very cross with me
for annoying her suddenly: & then she changed
suddenly & said "I didn't mean it."
She wore a white dress that summer.
~~Then there was a~~ But there was little substance in
this. ~~[illegible]~~ Her thoughts seemed to melt round her.
She seemed all so distant so vague. She could not
any longer resist the one thought that she
had resolved to banish — Last became divers
two silly: [illegible] she thought of Mr.
Parnell. Last summer Cousin John had
given them tickets for the Ladies Gallery. at the
House of Commons. It was stuffy & dark &
all in front of her were ~~the~~ bars. ! bars ladies in the front row
like foliage. But when the ~~Speakers friends~~
had gone she & Milly had got into the seat,
& looking down she had seen a remarkable
man, pale, distinguished, with a white flower in
his button hole; Suddenly he seemed to
embody some thing ~~she had always~~
wonderful. He had spoken very shortly. He had
sat down. She watched him intently until
they had to go. She ~~watched~~ marvelled at his
distinguished stillness. He was a hero
After that she had read every debate in order to
follow his career. She had cut out
pictures of him. She had read books
upon Ireland. She was now a
fanatical Home Ruler. And now it [illegible]
became irresistible — to think what

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Parnell was doing at this very instant: to imagine, for the
hundredth time, another scene in that prolonged
daydream in which she met him - quite by
chance, - he looked at her from those wonderful
dark eyes: & then she became entrusted with a
mission in Ireland... So her feelings liberated
It was the only way of sitting still by her
mother's side — to imagine herself haranguing
a vast crowd: who, at first hostile were in
the end convinced — or did they throw stones
at her? - Anyhow at that moment Mrs Parnell
appeared... It was too silly, too silly, she
told herself. She tried to reach out & hook
towards her ~~a novel~~ some book which lay on
the dressing table.
She half shut her eyes & gave herself up to the luxurious
luxury [of imagining a scene in which she was
the ~~cent~~ centre of ~~attention~~; interest: ~~after a~~
It required a] of steeping herself - it required a
few minutes of preparation - ~~before~~ in a interest.
scene in which she was the centre of
~~She~~ It required a few minutes ~~of~~ thinking
before she was ready; before those ~~delicious~~
unreality had become ~~steeped through with~~
warmed & permeated with ~~those~~ delicious
unreality. ~~that~~ the deliciously flattering & exciting
~~for feelings~~ emotions. Now the charm was
beginning to work. She, ~~Delia, was turning~~ Mr
~~Crowd of audien~~ The audience was cheering her: Mr
Parnell, who had entered from a side door.
~~She was speaking,~~ She ~~had come to the~~ ~~was~~
~~She refused to be intimidated~~. She ~~went~~ on
speaking ~~There was a~~ to a huge audience -
at first they refused to hear her. ~~Then~~
~~Was~~ ~~Her~~ But she refused to be intimidated...

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"I am speaking in the Cause of truth, in the Cause of freedom..."
she said, ~~conscious~~ conscious, as Delia Pargiter, that Mr.
entered
Parnell had ~~come in~~, ~~from~~ by a door at the back: but
~~quite unconscious~~ as the impassioned speaker
quite unconscious.

Her mother woke up. The whole scene fell
about Delia's eyes — the hall, the crowd, the shouting, the
applause. Her mother was crying out in a feeble
frightened voice, "Where am I? — where am I?"
She often woke in a state of fear, as if she were
did not know
~~not certain~~ where she was. It was then necessary to
be very cheerful & matter of fact.

"Had a nice sleep mama?" said Delia
~~like a~~ automatically. ~~She rose &~~ She laid
her hand on the counterpane. Mrs. Pargiter clutched it
nervously. "Where am I?" she repeated. Delia's
senses came back to her.
~~Here, at~~ Here In your own room of course she
said. She had a dizzy sense for a moment
that were were both coming to their senses at
the same moment. Yes, they were both 'here'
in Abercorn Terrace. For a moment, her
mother did not seem to know her. She looked
about the room as if she were seeking someone.
Then she saw Delia. The bewildered look
left her.

"Where is Nanie?" she said peevishly
Then she seemed to remember. She asked what
time it was. She asked for the blinds to be
drawn up. She lay for a moment looking
almost vacantly at the sky. which
Then she sighed profoundly.

"I was dreaming" she said, half
apologetically. "It's a fine day for..."
she hesitated for... She could not
remember what ~~she wanted to say~~ for. "For...
~~Uncle Digby's birthday?" Delia suggested...~~

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"Its a lovely day" Delia repeated mechanically

"for . . . her mother tried again — for . . .
has it some ~~somebodys~~ birthday? Delia could not
remember

"I've forgotten everything" said Mrs Pargiter sighed
giving up the attempt.

Suddenly Delia remembered

"For Uncle Digby's birthday" she said.

Mrs Pargiter sighed with relief.

~~of course~~ yes, she murmured. I'm ~~not well enough~~
to ~~write~~ myself. ~~But~~ Tell him, from me . . . from me
~~tell him from me~~ ~~Give him my~~ love & tell him ~~and~~
how delighted I was . . . his

She was thinking of ~~the~~ knighthood ~~again~~ perhaps.
Then her mind wandered on; for the sun blazed on
the dining table: & made the white cloth look
very white — ~~How~~ we're going to stand the
expense — that what worries me — the expense, Delia.
24 ~~Twenty~~ ~~And~~ ~~Then~~ the laundry bills alone —
~~white~~ ~~clean clothes everywhere~~ — . That's all right mama,
said Delia dully; looking wearily at the picture
& the breakfast.

~~There~~ And where is Papa lunching today asked
Mrs Pargiter. The questions had begun.

~~He's~~ ~~At the Club~~. I think said Delia.

And ~~then where~~ ? Eleanor? That was answered

~~He~~ Shall I read to you mama? said
Delia: Have you seen the Times today?
She tried to think of any piece of news, anywhere.
Aunt Emily called ~~to enquire after you~~
this morning. ~~But she could only~~
She felt as if she were sinking in mud: every
just had to be pulled up: & set down: Now
they would talk about Aunt Emily:
And Cousin Sara Malone wrote too;
the [illegible].

Aunt
Emily called
this mng.

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For some reason the mention of the Malones cheered Mrs Pargiter. It was odd to see her mother's eyes light up. If one could get her on to the past — to ask her things about the past: · Her eyes rested contemplatively on the clean table cloth that had suffered the waiting till a moment before.

How well I remember that engagement she said. We ~~were~~ had a house at Whitby that summer. ~~Of course I was a~~ It was the summer after Eleanor was born. And ~~there came a letter~~ we were sitting all of us in the garden: .. she paused — there came a letter, she repeated. ~~And it all turned out very well.~~ ~~Except for~~ the ~~other~~ little boy's ~~death~~ died — but I said to ~~Sara~~, sorry for that,

Delia began counting the tassels on the fringe of the counterpane.

Sara has had a happy life; plenty of society: She was always so fond of Expeditions. That Summer,

Delia ~~had~~ did not know who was fond of Expeditions.

And in those days, when all the cousins came together — for the MacIntyres had a house lived up there then — your cousin George — was great d'you remember Cousin George —

Oh he was A ~~very tall~~ man; who he wore eye glasses?

~~And~~ They ~~thought a great~~ All the Aunts thought so much of George" Mrs Pargiter continued. It was always "when George comes we will ask him about the dining room door..." A fellow of a college or whatever it might be.

That was when we had the house at Whitby said Delia, gently, wishing to keep her mother's mind on the past.

But the connection was too difficult for Mrs Pargiter. She was thinking of

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A most curious ghost of a smile crossed Mrs Pargiter's
face. – the echo of some old remote past lazy joke.
Delia had watched the smile flicker & fade. Her
mother lay with her eyes shut; & the hand with
the single ring lay on the counterpane. There was
complete silence. Mrs Pargiter's memories had tired her.
Then nurse the nurse came in, & Delia slipped away:
The house looked strange for a moment – the house
that contained Mrs Pargiter, smiling at the ghost.

For a moment the stairs, the inner carpets looked unreal.

"Remember to ask him about the dining room
door" – Delia repeated the word. who had said them?
What did they mean? What did it mean, that
she should be standing here; this moment went would
joined all the other moments.
soon be with those & moments. She ~~went~~ then, shaking half free from the feeling, the

&

feeling of silence & unreality, & wh was always unpleasant

she went down stairs. Morris had come in &
left an evening paper on the hall table. She
took it & looked at once for news of Parnell, for
news of Ireland. X ~~She made it a rule not to
let herself~~ ~~go on~~ with the story until she was
in bed.

as it chanced
at dinner / there was an argument about
Ireland. For some reason which Delia could not
fathom, her father was in a more ~~kindly~~ genial mood at dinner
than for many days past. There were the usual
~~family~~ jokes, ~~about~~ Eleanor being broody, about
Lemon Grove day: jokes about when Papa was in a good
temper ~~was a~~ Delia's spirits always rose.
~~she had his~~ ~~partly~~ because she was 'like' him –
they had the same
so people always said. ~~And~~
little vein of independence, of ran in both.
whatever Papa's grievance with the war office
might be, Delia always felt that she would
have done just the same. ~~she was~~
when she said Oh my God! ~~in~~ very
much in ~~his~~ manner.

Eleanor broody – when her father joked, about his ~~Eleanor~~ that nasty gun given to the Zwinglers,

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looking
extraordinarily
pink
& clean:
with his white
cuffs & his
blue links

when she
Milly
born
said that
dance they
around

She would have spoken her mind just as he had done.
There was an opulence, an ease, a charm about Papa in
his dinner jacket laughing. ~~gruffly~~ gruff but humorous:
calling them by their childish names: & recalling ridiculous
jokes. They became children suddenly at dinner
sometimes. Tonight for some reason was one of
these nights — when Papa called Morris old boy
when Ellen brought in the ~~fish &~~ began to laugh
as she handed round the fish; when there was
a kind of licence — as ~~lady might say~~ when
~~Eleanor had~~ there was a ~~family~~ argument about
something ridiculous — ~~like the~~ origin of nap
when Milly accused Morris of stealing her napkin: when
there was a roar of laughter at Eleanor —
~~because the~~ when ~~Mr~~ Ellen joined in — when
Morris ~~had~~ & Papa gave an account ~~of~~
~~the [illegible]~~ Mrs Curry whom he had known in
India; ~~& described~~ a succinct ~~very~~ dry
humorous account, wiping his moustache from
time to time: & Eleanor made an ~~ex~~ absurd
mistake, thinking he was describing somebody else,
& they shouted at her: it was a very
of a lady "whose golden hair was said by
~~rumour~~ the voice of scandal not to be entirely her
own." She loved hearing his latter tale stories of
India. They were so crisp, so matter of fact —
he must have been, she thought looking at him
helping the ~~chicken~~ cutlets, a charming young
man: with that curious fierceness: that
rather alarming abruptness; which, she
~~thought had~~ liked. other people blamed.
~~After~~ When Eleanor's mistake had been
corrected, The Colonel continued with his
helping the cutlets.
~~usual apology~~:
Really these stories are too ~~telling. but~~
— they ~~encouraged him to go~~ on: which: but
talking of Mrs Curry reminds me of the —

NYPL

"Miss" said Ellen opening the door behind Sheamus's back.

"Oh yes – I'll come" said Sheamus jumping up. What's that what's that said the Colonel, seeing the door shut upon Sheam.

Nurse wants [illegible]
Some message from Nurse I suppose" said Milly. The Colonel went on helping the cutlets. They were all helped. But nobody liked to begin eating. ~~They waited for Sheam~~. ~~Shall~~ ~~Shall I – begin Elea~~ Milly–

Well begin your dinner, said the Colonel brusquely: struck dumb in the middle of the day. Morris started to eat. Then Ellen reappeared.

"I think the mistress is taken worse Sir" she said.

Everybody got up.

"You wait. I'll go & see" said Morris. They followed him out into the hall. The Colonel still held his napkin. ~~He was~~ After a minute or two he reappeared. "Mama has had some kind of fainting fit" he said speaking to his father. I am going for the doctor.

What was to be done? Nobody knew.

Finish your dinner girls, said the Colonel peremptorily. Everyone wanted everyone else to go on behaving as usual; & to be entrusted with some responsible task.

"I will tell them to keep it hot" said Milly. Delia could think of nothing to say. She & her father went into the drawing room & stood with the door open. She could only think, over & over again "when George comes ask him about the dining room door..." Then she remembered, the dear little boy dead, but save for that... & again, the expense, [illegible] the expense. & the cross hanging at the head of the

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bed. She had last seen her mother lying with one hand on the counterpane.

At last Eleanor came down; & they gathered in a knot; & she told them how Mrs Pargiter had said that Mama fainted when they lifted her to wash her: & she is still unconscious."

~~Nurse thinks she may not~~

Shall I bring the dinner in here Mum, said Ellen. But before she could be answered, Morris arrived in a hansom with Dr. Prentice.

Why not have your dinner! said the Colonel.

We could have the dinner brought in here" said ~~Deb~~ Milly.

Or keep it hot till he's gone, said Morris.

Yes, keep it hot. said Delia.

I'll tell them to keep it hot said Milly

There's no point in standing again, said the Colonel.

But he continued to pace the room. Delia noticed had come a small white patch over each temple. Otherwise he was pink, & gruff & surly.

At last Dr Prentice came down.

He did not speak at first. Well said the Colonel gruffly How d'you find her.

unexpectedly

I think, Colonel Pargiter — he hesitated — there will be no return of consciousness.. This is the end I think

It was very odd — her father went purple which, as if he were astonished, taken by surprise after all these months. he exclaimed

~~D'you~~ You dont mean — ~~this is the end~~.

Dr Prentice bent his head A few some hours: I think" he ~~she may live for~~ or ~~but not~~ said:

I do not think that Mrs Pargiter can live through the night, he said

Suddenly the Colonel collapsed: he

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She put her head between her hands.
Dr Prentice briefly explained to Morris what had happened. He had to leave: he would return.

When would you like dinner now Miss said Ellen, appearing once more.

"Let Papa try to eat your dinner" said Milly.

~~But he seemed not to hear her.~~
~~To them all~~ He brushed her aside, he walked past them into his little study at the back. He did not look at any of them.
But now that it had happened, ~~the~~ the children were conscious of extreme relief. It has come. It has come. Delia kept saying: It is over at last: it has come — Milly. Morris both whispered to themselves. ~~It is~~ ~~Thank heavens~~ — ~~they w~~ It was as if a weight were lifted: wonderful relief

So they sat in the drawing room, with the door open. Then they began to feel extremely hungry. But it was half nearly ten. eat cutlets.
How could they sit down: keeping warm? Was it fit the cutlets were keeping warm when one wanted all not silly to get ill when one wanted all one's strength? & the cutlets were keeping hot? Biscuits & coffee — why not biscuits & coffee on a tray?
At that moment Eleanor appeared.

~~We again — Papa again — I don't think~~
You must come — & Papa? Where is Papa?"
We must all come now.
~~She led them~~ It was Eleanor who led her father upstairs: the others followed; but Delia was too far behind the screen to see her mother die. She only heard. her Rose, Rose, Rose. over & over again; sobbing.

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Three days passed; ~~the dressmakers & the tailors~~
~~came in & out;~~ ~~& wreaths~~; & aunts & uncles were
admitted, some to one room, some to another;
late in the evening a dark vehicle stood at the
door; men ~~trampled~~ shuffled in the bedroom;
wreaths kept on arriving; & there were
surreptitious visits to tailors & dressmakers; &
~~Everything seemed~~ & ~~by Thursday~~ Everything had a
surreptitious air; a muted voice; ~~voice~~ & when Bobby
~~forg~~ ~~who had been~~ sent for from his new school,
forgot, & burst out at once in his usual voice,
he stopped in the middle of his sentence &
~~looked~~ ~~shock~~ ~~abashed~~ guilty. ~~Eleanor~~ Happily
a friend of Eleanor's,
~~On Thursday~~
called Miriam Parish arrived, & ~~was told off~~ to
~~take~~ took the children to the Zoo. ~~Friday~~ Mrs Pargiter
had ~~Mrs Pargiter was buried~~ On ~~Thursday~~. had passed.
was buried. The bright autumn weather
It was a damp misty day, ~~with~~ a [illegible] gently, but it did not rain.
leaf mould & wet earth, formed up behind the
Three private carriages
hearse, & Delia noticed; for she could not
prevent herself from noticing everything,
that the houses opposite had all pulled down
their blinds in sympathy; nevertheless, a maid
~~was~~ peeping~~ed~~ out ~~from~~ behind. The drive was a
long one. And as they ~~the procession~~ trotted down the
~~shops~~ streets, ~~Delia~~ ~~silence fell upon them~~ raised their
Delia ~~kept~~ noticed how men raised their hats, & looked grave for a second. But
the hats were on again by the time their
carriage passed. & they were going on their
business as usual. ~~It was~~ She ~~could not~~ felt
~~ashamed~~ still felt ~~in~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~that~~ ~~of Delia~~
guilty in noticing such things. The others, the

until the whole house smelt of ~~flowers~~; Chrysanthemums; surreptitious parcels

took

Mrs Pargiter had died on Tuesday;

in the second with Edward & Milly,

at the Malcolms.

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~~[illegible]~~ ~~who had been~~ sent for from his new school,
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~~Delia Silence fell upon them~~
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hats, & looked grave for a second. But
by the time their
the hats were on again by the time they were going on their
carriage passed. & ~~It was~~ She ~~could not~~ felt
business as usual.
~~felt~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~as~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~that~~ ~~of Delia~~ She others, she
guilty in noticing such things.

as she got in
with Edward
& Milly,

at the
Malcolms.

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thought, were thinking of nothing but their mother. She
~~noticed~~ Milly ~~was~~ ~~had~~ seemed quite naturally
to have ~~become~~ taken on ease, sweetness, sympathy —
Eleanor ~~was also changed, moreover & too~~ the
knew how to talk to Edward, rather differently.
She seemed ~~to be trying~~ ~~more~~ maternally:
How were different, she could not say; but their
mother's death seemed to have altered their relations;
~~It~~ to make them kinder, more considerate:
She was the only one who ~~was not~~ remained unaffected,
who was not in the right mood. However ~~Dear Ad~~ ~~She suspected~~
~~She was determined~~ ; She was determined
~~Milly of some affectation~~ Mr. Parnell. ~~It was~~
not to let herself think of that he was one of those
Yet she longed to feel when the hearse
men who took off their hats
passed. At last they reached the cemetery, &
~~the~~ silence, as they ~~entered~~ left their carriages
& entered the church, found themselves in the
presence of dark people who stood up, Delia
was overcome by ~~the~~ an powerful emotion. ~~which~~
~~obliterated all the others~~. The service began.
Cousin James Pargiter read it. The words came in
At first the words, ~~known~~ came in gusts of
Extraordinary beauty. ~~To her surprise~~ Delia
~~wept, tears~~ flowed not so much for her mother, but for
them all — for all ~~human~~ people ~~beings~~. There was
~~a splendour of~~ defiance in the words, I know
~~that my Redeemer liveth which matched~~
something I am the resurrection & the
life … I know that my Redeemer liveth.
kept up all these days in the actual half light of the
home that smelt of chrysanthemums ~~the~~ ~~something cheaper~~.
~~thought~~ ~~Here at last is~~ to free her from unreality.
the words seemed
But then, as Cousin James went on reading,
she could not help asking what ~~did it~~ it meant?
& again. She suspected that she was the only

who had to make an effort, & was afraid of being found out.

flowed

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person there to whom the meaning was not perfectly plain.
She had lost the connection. For I am a stranger
with thee: & a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me a little, that I may recover my
strength: before I go hence, & be no more seen —
Her mother had been terrified at the thought of death,
~~they had~~ she had always wished to live. So had
this man, apparently. But then the service
swept on: with its sudden bursts of familiar
beauty ... its the words she knew by heart —
like ~~Shakespeare~~ poetry — A and fade away
suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is
green, & groweth up: but in the evening it is
cut down, ~~& is~~ dried up, & withered"...
And then it went on & on: she could make no
sense of the argument: she could not connect
what Cousin James was saying with anything at
all: & she thought that he read too fast as if
there ~~a~~ something that was not meant to be
alluded to — except certain phrases — Behold, I
shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but
we shall all be changed — as if he were
relieved to find something to say that he understood;
& then he asked O death where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory. Then again she
felt that she was in No, she could
not make the words mean much: she
was ~~half~~ solemnised, but bored, ~~but~~ as hearing
a foreign language: then again they
formed up behind the coffin & went out, to
her relief into the open air. ~~Perhaps~~
~~when they were~~ Outside [illegible] it would be
~~It was~~ the hearse was still standing there. The
horses were ~~scrap~~ pawing the yellow gravel &
scraping little holes in it. She remembered
having read that funeral horses are extremely
nervous: ~~they~~. The grave was not far
away. They went straggling in ones & twos

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along a neatly yellow path, until they reached the grave. And
~~Uncle there~~ there they all stood; Papa at the head of the grave:
& Elean & Morris: ~~& she~~ & she & Edward ~~Eleanor~~ & ~~Delia~~. Only
again she had the feeling that they were [illegible] for
the time. And she began noticing— ~~Uncle~~ Digby
~~who was~~ Uncle Digby standing just behind her brother
with his well brushed hair. But when she caught his
eye they both looked away.

Man that is born of a woman.
~~Cousin James began again~~: & ~~they all stiffened themselves~~.
~~She noticed the~~ they all looked extremely black. & the
& they, the family, pressed a little closer to the
grave ~~into wh~~ down into ~~which the coffin had been lowered~~,
& looked fixedly at the yellow polish, at the
brass handles; ~~as if they must see~~ until
brand new & shiny, as if
~~Delia~~ that lay there.
they must look as long as ever they could. Suddenly
Delia ~~rebelled~~ looked up. She could not look at
the coffin anymore. She looked at the a little tree,
~~the~~ with its ~~autumn leaves~~ which had scarcely
lost any leaves: ~~the~~ her eye was caught by the
prowling woman, who seemed to be slinking away,
& then a sparrow hopped with a little chirp:
from one ~~onto the~~ branch to another. She could still hear
the funeral horse pawing the gravel. But she
was recalled. ~~They were~~ Earth had been
dropped on the coffin — three pebbles had
fallen onto that shiny hard surface.
Opposite her stood Edward, & Morris & Eleanor.
She saw them all, clearly, even critically. Edward,
in looked a perfect gentleman, with his hair
brushed, very pale, & completely black. But
both Eleanor & Morris always seemed to stick.
better when they cried. Now their noses were
red; & ~~their~~ their faces looked blurred
As ~~for her father~~. ~~Then as~~ As for her father he

were then duly
to look as
long as
they could.

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for a ~~moment the ridiculous idea entered her head~~
that he was   They all craned forward; Cousin
James's ~~Edward~~'s voice, which seemed to become loud & soft
boomed out "We give thee hearty thanks, for that
it hath pleased thee to deliver this our sister out
of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee,
that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness —
& then she could listen no more. She heard his
voice going on — she heard the sparrows cheep; ~~the horse~~
but the horse had stopped pawing; she heard
however the sounds of daily life — the buses, the
cabs; ~~some~~ all that seemed to begin, after the
~~[illegible]~~ all attempt at concentration was over; &
in another moment, there was a general
movement; & she noticed Edward carrying his
hat in his hand, stopping to speak to Cousin
Reginal — he grasped Aunt Emily's hand.
It became ~~in short~~ for a moment, as they
walked back to their carriages, something like
a party. And she looked back, & saw that the
grave digger had come forward; & was now
standing by the grave; all the wreaths were being
moved, & the prowling women had returned
& was reading the black edged cards.

When they got back to Abercorn Terrace
there was not a ~~sign~~ trace of the chrysanthemums left.
The servants had cleaned up the hall. ~~A~~
~~Great many letters were lying on the table.~~
But the drawing room was full of flowers;
there were little vases on the writing table;
vases on the mantelpiece, vases on ~~the~~
tables which never had flowers. The
servants must have spent their time
cleaning, ~~tidying~~, arranging flowers so that

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~~whenever~~ wherever one looked there were flowers. Later
when they had lunched, they ~~said to Elean~~ & were
sitting round, feeling very tired, yawning, &
~~unable~~ alone, — but Aunt Emily was coming to
tea — she had taken the children to the Kew —
& there was somebody ~~with~~ Papa with in the study —
going through some papers — it was understood,
they hoped he was asleep — &

having taken off their coats, but all very stiff, with little rolls of white at their throats & wrists which pricked them

Aunt Eugenie ~~brought the flowers said Eleanor.~~
wasn't there. said Eleanor.
It was nice of old ~~Mr~~ Sir John to come, said
Eleanor. ~~And I~~ I meant to speak to the
MacLaren said Milly. I did' said Edward.
Think of old Miss ~~Rod~~ Raley coming; she came
There ~~were ever so~~ was someone I thought was
But Aunt Eugenie wasn't there, said Edward.
Uncle Digby said she had a cold.
Oh Aunt Eugenie said Eleanor, who what
would, on an exciting occasion, have been a pink.
She came here; . she brought all these flowers.
She ~~sat~~ refused to come up. She sat in the
Kitchen.
How like Aunt Eugenie said Edward,
Not well enough to come to the funeral: &
then she comes here.
Mama was so fond of her too, said
Eleanor.
Delia remembered the last time she had
sat with her mother — how she had said something
lit up, how she had
about the day Eugenie became engaged.
Then ~~Ellen~~ came Crosby. came in with a
telegram. "~~Only~~ From ~~Sat~~ ~~Aunt~~ Cousin
Dora" said Morris. No answer. Emily.
Edward
She was kept at Oxford...

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ran his fingers through his hair at the mention of the Malones.

And who brought all these flowers, Crosby" said Eleanor.

~~Her~~ Ladyship Pargiter, Crosby replied: the ~~consecrated~~ lady ~~Bad~~ Aunt Eugenie? But she said she was ill.

She came shortly after you left, & sat in the kitchen. Mrs— She said she wouldn't come upstairs. She arranged the flowers herself.

What would have been a smiled crossed Eleanor's face.

How like Aunt Eugenie she said: when Crosby had gone— To be too ill to come to the funeral— & to forget, & come here.

And sit in the kitchen said Edward.

The flowers are lovely said Delia— the room seemed full of ~~cut~~ strange fiery looking out of season flowers— lilac, blue, white, & roses, & purple anemones. They were not funeral flowers at all.

She seems to have routed out all the old vases, said Delia. That's not a vase: it's a jam pot said Milly. They were so tired, that they spoke in words of one syllable.

Mama was very fond of Aunt Eugenie always said Eleanor. ~~Them~~ ~~Aunt~~ still they would only think of people ~~from~~ in relation to Mrs. Pargiter.

She "I must write & thank her." Eleanor looked at the writing table, with its great bundle of letters, controlled by a rubber band. Her paper rack was full of lay there.

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new notepaper with a glossy black border. The border would gradually diminish as the months went by; but at present it was the thickest obtainable. She had at least fifty letters to write. ~~She must not forget to thank Aunt Eugenie a ho- but why had she sat in the kitchen? why had she not come uncertain. Probably it was being half Spanish.~~

Yes, she thought lying back in the arm chair & hag closing her eyes, that will be my writing table now— This is ~~a~~ the end of youth. This is the beginning of a new life. Tomorrow they would cease to be royal; the distinction would leave them; she would have to Contrive somehow that she still had time for Lisson Grove — but there would be a great deal to see to.

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Sunday
March
19th

Keeping on to
the drawing
room
with a
[illegible]

Part Two.

I.

Again it was October, & Eleanor as she ~~sat down~~
~~to her at the writing table with~~ put the pile of
tradesmen's books in her hand ~~on the writing table,~~ ~~had one~~
felt for a second, not as usual "that she had done the same
~~thing before, but that~~ as ~~felt for a second~~"
~~as she~~ was reminded for a second not ~~by the date~~
~~as that~~ because it was a mild day &
the smell of burning leaves ~~had~~ blew blown in from the
one of the back gardens ~~th~~ ~~that it~~ ~~made~~
of ~~her mother~~. the day her mother was buried.
"It must be ~~six~~ nine years ago" she said to herself:
Then ~~she~~ ~~write a letter~~ ~~then~~ she calculated. It was
Her mother had died in October 1880: it was
now October 1891 — ~~that~~ made eleven years not
nine. She was surprised; she was rather
shocked. ~~Her tendency was~~ to She ~~always~~ forgot
~~dates~~. It was much longer than she thought, since
her mother had died. She was almost thirty six.
~~what an age! she thought~~. She was no longer a
young woman. As if ~~spurred on by~~ the
rapid flight of time spurred her to ~~get~~
the weekly books.
hurrying, she began adding up this milkman's
spreading the butcher's, the grocer's as they lay
books out round her as she noted down the
totals. Papa ~~will~~ say they're very high again,'
she sighed, ~~& sighing she~~ as glancing at the
~~total~~ ~~milkman's total~~; & She was in a
hurry as usual. It was Lemon Grove day.
They still called it that, though, in fact,
she was now on so many committees that

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Lemon Grove day was almost every ~~day~~ day, what with one thing & another. She had not had time to read Bobby's letter, except just to see that he was all right. She stuffed the thick envelope with the Indian stamp into ~~the~~ her ~~leather~~ bag ~~which~~ — she would read it in the bus. She had still to go to Papa for the cheque; & he would be sure to keep her a little: ~~& then~~ She ~~took out her~~ looked at her watch. ~~It was~~ her mother's beautiful little gold watch. She had got into the habit of — habit was making certain lines on her forehead — ~~lines~~ of looking at her watch & saying as she put her finger on the hour, or the half hour, Ten — committee: Eleven thirty: meet Mr. Robson at Grave i's; 12.15.. go to Palmers buildings (if possible) one thirty home for lunch: ~~3.30 see Mrs Price~~ ~~now~~ She was getting busier & busier: but ~~it was~~ all had to be fitted in: ~~with Papa~~. gathering her papers together She went into the study next door ~~into~~ in order to get the cheque for the ~~weekly~~ books from her father. There was Papa. ~~There~~ Now that Morris was married, & ~~Edward was Delia was~~ Delia was always in Ireland ~~or Germany~~; now that the Gibbses (Milly had married ~~Hu~~ Ronald Gibbs five years ago:) lived almost entirely in Devonshire; ~~now~~ & Edward was at Oxford all term ± 9 come — ~~She was a~~ & Rose at Newnham — ~~She had to consider~~ Papa

~~all~~ the
hours on the
watch were
~~apt to~~ be
~~divided~~
Curiously
divided.

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depended on her. She could not be ~~out every~~ day.
leave him alone all day long. She always tried to
be in for lunch. & to be in for ~~tea~~ dinner. Happily
he went to the Club or to the City in the afternoons.

But the writing of a cheque was with Colonel
Pargiter a ceremony of some importance. She would be
late again Eleanor thought as she watched her father
unlock his writing table drawer & take out his
cheque book & fit his pen into his mutilated hand.
Before he wrote the cheque he always added up
all the books again: And he always insisted
upon knowing why, if the milk book was
higher this week than last. For he ~~he~~ liked to
keep complete control of their expenditure —
~~what the amount of their income~~ was, Eleanor
hardly did not know. how much their income was.
~~the of her father's chief occupations~~ She
thought they were richer than they used to be.
~~one of the Colonel's chief interests now was~~
Her father was always reading financial papers.
He was interested in some mining company in
South Africa. He was a very good man of
business — so she was always told: business was now his chief concern.
That was why he made no difficulty about
Rose going to Cambridge, even though Bobby in
the army had to be helped.

Even when the cheque was signed, with his
heavy clumsy three fingered signature, she could
not go. ~~They had become~~ ~~Her father~~
In every way, except money, her father ~~had was~~ confided in her.
~~become very dependent on her.~~
Since her mother's death he had become very
dependent on her: He had increased her
allowance from 60 to £100 a year: ~~& the~~

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He treated her in most ways as a contemporary. He even
attempted to interest her mainly in Lemon Grove; but
there Eleanor was inclined to be secretive. Neither
She knew by experience that she was always
worsted in argument, either with Papa or with
Edward. She was becoming more & more, — well
what? more & more certain that if she were
free, she would not live like this: she ~~would~~
~~get on much better with 'the poor~~: she
but as there was nobody else to at home …
She looked again at the clock as her father entered
his cheque in the ledger. It was her duty to
there were any puzzling things.
stand there so long as this went on: he
might ask some question. ~~Then he lay back~~
At last he shut the books & looked up.

Lemon Grove .. he said with his genial
tolerant smile. ~~She~~

I shall be back for lunch she said.
He sighed & stood looking out of the window
What did he do all the morning Eleanor
wondered! The study always looked so
businesslike, with its files, with its tin boxes,
with its cabinets in which his cigars came to
the ~~right~~ temperature — or whatever the phrase was.
She supposed that he read the papers; that he
wrote to his brokers; that he ~~audited his~~
He ~~had been~~
made up his accounts. ~~Then~~ There was a
yellowish looking paper full of figures
on his chair. ~~But~~ He ~~wanted~~
was ~~a surprising~~ tired, I was

faded; so tidy:

“What little present could I take to the
Digby ~~Children~~? ” he demanded. “~~The~~

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Maggie's birthday...

"I thought of looking in on my way home. ~~I've a meeting~~ at three. & then I thought I would call round by

"~~Oh~~ for Maggie's birthday.." said Eleanor.

Her cousins, the daughters of Uncle Digby & Aunt Eugenie were so much younger than she was that she scarcely thought of them as cousins knew them. They had been born, unexpectedly, years after their brothers ~~John, Al. Aylmer, &~~ — they were little girls with long pigtails who sometimes came to tea & played games. Her father loved children. She was also very fond of Aunt Eugenie. In one of their confidential conversations he had told Eleanor that he could not conceive why a woman like that had tied herself for life to Digby:

"Speaking between ourselves I have always thought Digby a bit of a stick"..

Eleanor ~~said, as she was offered him to~~ offered, as she was meant, to buy a present for Maggie. "Something" said her father vaguely, "something she could wear. I like giving little girls something pretty, to wear"

Eleanor noted that

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NYI

Her father was extremely fond of children — she always
remembered him ~~the games he played with them,~~
coming up to play with them in the nursery. And he
he ~~was very fond of Aunt Eugenie~~ ~~had~~ a
greatly admired ~~Aunt~~ Eugenie, his sister in law. Eugenie.
~~In his more~~ Digby, he would confide to Eleanor.

had always seemed to him

they were becoming confidential as the time passed —
was ~~in his opinion~~ a bit of a stick: ~~Eugenie~~ Eleanor
~~at any rate, he~~ but that might be jealousy.
~~Stupid~~:— the naturally was jealousy of an elder brother, who has
~~not~~ failed towards a younger brother who has succeeded
But she was in a hurry. She, ~~was~~ 'll would buy a
'I'll get something' she said.
~~present~~; yes she would remember to get something —

"Thanks, Nell" said the Colonel settling down to
his paper again; "something pretty you know,
that she could wear".
collected letters put [illegible]. with her bag.
Eleanor rushed. By good luck the yellow
omnibus ~~was in sight. She hailed it & had~~
was in sight. She hailed it & climbed up the steps top to
enjoy the air. She had plenty of time as they trotted
along in the direction of Notting Hill Gate to compare

Nothing when the bell rang.

London with Devonshire — they had been spending ~~the~~
September near Milly. ~~Rowland~~ Hugh's in Devonshire ~~since~~
Of course it was pretty down there. She was ~~accepted~~ rated
Devonshire as trait: there were too many trees &
too many cows for her taste. But Milly & Hugh
seemed happy. Hugh rode about on a large
white horse. The inkstand in her room was
made of a deceased They hunted ~~whenever~~
Stag in summer, foxes, the ~~supposed~~ in winter;
they had been breaking up the litters those early
autumn mornings — She never got the meaning
terms right:— but she thought it was called
'breaking up the litter.' The inkstand in

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her room was made of a deceased hunters hoof. There was
Milly had her two small babies to look after — with
two nurses & three or four thousand a year. Well, she was
glad to be back in London. on top of the old yellow bus,
with her bag stuffed with papers, & a gentle drizzle
falling so that she had to fix the water proof apron over
her knees. ~~She was a thorough cockney~~.
She liked the sky belonged, she always felt, to Notting Hill.
She felt physically more at ease as the bus ~~trotted~~ along
entered ~~that province~~ the precincts of Notting Hill —
~~Just as she felt at home when it~~ And
~~she was just in time~~. She jumped off, &
was at the door of the disused chapel in which she
had fought so many battles with Major
Porter & Mrs Lazenby. ~~over~~ ~~such~~ ~~They~~
~~But as Mrs Stewart was~~ here ~~over the question~~
as the clock struck ten. Local politics were
beginning to take the place of private visits. ~~to the~~
~~Levys~~. It was her departure, after ~~the first~~ the Levys. The
~~rate of~~ excitement, ~~the~~ & variety: they lied; ~~they~~ & they
Levys died: they stole: they lied:
decamped: & they ~~ha~~ were always, always, then
always having children. To walk in & ask after them & look at
rooms once a week & take their rents, & look at
their legs — ~~how could~~ had, after her mother's death,
produced those two 'black years' — which Eleanor,
when she surveyed ~~the~~ her life aesthetically ~~The~~
~~Stood~~ lay heavy across her youth. She could still Feel the
~~Something must be done~~. She ~~could still~~ disillusioned fact.
All ~~her illusions left her~~ disillusioned ~~She opened the~~ door;
~~Then it was to remove the~~ It was. She ~~opened~~ ~~she would~~
She could not go on, she told herself; of Mrs.
~~marrying~~ — ~~suddenly because, to~~ Mrs. Peel again
She could not face Mrs. Peel again ~~soot seemed~~ to
It was always the same story: the same room: the
~~her families stopping down~~ the same problems: & When
same woman: the same problems

in time with
that dismal
refrain

She was beginning
after 10 years — no
13 — she corrected
herself — to know
something about
~~local affairs~~.
what went on
in those
back streets

~~seemed~~ to lie

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the same struggle: here she was with a pair of boots, or
a an old overcoat of papas; offering ~~this~~ A vain attempt,
perhaps a selfish one: she could not be sure that
~~anyhow it~~ anyhow. Probably she would say to Milly, when she returned
home; & the family duly observed Eleanor's broody.
~~And then~~ ~~One must~~ ~~If she had married she~~ might
have felt, though she cursed the Levys — those ~~the~~
~~be~~ ~~those~~ heartless & ungrateful - ~~worse than~~ all,
~~shuffling~~ race who took her boots, & then
~~falling~~ disappeared, ~~she was~~ even their ~~inevitable~~
not that she minded: the Levys in their active state,
with their extraordinary coarseness, ~~for~~ their
brutality, ~~their~~ the shifts they made to survive,
the trades they practised, - ~~all the~~ ~~the~~ for some reason
she preferred them to her own class: but even then
apathy. their fecklessness. their indifference she hated. Mrs
~~Baby~~ there they stood at their doors; — with
Crabb was the type that she had in mind - & the room ~~house~~ in a
rings of hair falling over their ears; babies crawling in a
state ~~where no one~~ of
room which had not been washed this week; &
what was the first thing they always said?
That they had 'fallen' again: Nothing could
be done. She would lie awake sometimes there
thinking of ~~the~~ Peter Street: ~~babies were born~~ some
~~she saw babies cropping up as if they were~~ dream of the babies
~~it~~ & would fall asleep to
Nothing could be done. Why not?
Can't you anything be done! she used to say. She
Even said it to Mr. Henley the clergyman.
~~The question was her~~ And even then that
she came to build four cottages, out of her mother's
legacy. ~~If houses~~ The little red houses
looked very trim at first. They ~~let them~~.
But now after five years, they were beginning
to suspect that Duffus the builder had scamped.
his work. But she minded less &

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been such revelations of human treachery. She was becoming
~~very tolera~~ much tougher. She was becoming respected
by the Pertons & the Lazenbys. ~~She was now accepted,~~
~~as she had not been, as one~~ Clearly, she was not going to
marry. ~~And what with~~ It was beginning to be suspected
that she should stand for something. At any rate,
she was no longer haunted as in the black years by a
sense of impotence: of being condemned to watch
an apathetic victim, the bound, gagged, tied —
Yet it might well be an illusion too — perhaps
her various works were all vain — they were all
gummy old boots into chasm bottomless abysses. On
the other hand, it might be that the Capitalist
system. ~~was in here drawn that she~~ now she
became secretive. ~~Sh~~ She was not an
Educated woman. She understood very little about
currency, gold, bills of exchange, credit, imports, exports;
but ~~after~~ all, she was much in the same state as
other people. She had friends; Mrs Butler & Miss
Parrish. She was not going to put up with
a passive acceptance. She had considerable
tenacity; ~~so~~ some diplomacy; an excellent
health; an innate love of ~~Control~~ ~~Anything~~
There was nothing she liked better than what her
her father called a 'scrap'. ~~She was~~
Really she ~~was~~ had no 'home ties' ~~they were~~
Colonel Pargiter came under that heading. She would
have liked to give up her whole time to
her 'Lesson Grove'. Only The old
district that her mother had once visited &
handed on to her daughter stood ~~in~~ now
for ~~quite a large scheme~~ — for something
that might become, some day, rather
important.

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She jumped off her bus, & was at the door of the ~~dressed~~ galvanised iron shed in which she fought her battles with Mr Lazenby & Major Porter on behalf of the Levys as the clock struck ten.

They were all substantially very good friends — they were all giving their time — except the ~~clergyman~~ clergyman, the Rev. Andrew ~~B~~ Brocket — for nothing. ~~But~~ The Levys had brought ~~all these~~ nine, no ten, no ~~Elev~~ Eleven — to a full meeting after the holidays — men & ~~six~~ women at ten oclock on to the hall ~~to~~ on this ~~day~~ rather wet day to ~~scaffolding~~ to because they all felt that it was a disgrace that such a state of things should exist. But they were an odd lot, drawn from different classes: Mr Brocket, son of a dissenting minister in Wales: Cuffnell, a retired ~~plumber~~: ~~Ele~~ Miss Ream ~~retired~~ old servant: Parrish, daughter of a man milliner ~~painter of colour~~; Mr Lazenby highly respectable middle class: Major Porter, retired from the army, ~~a woman~~ Miss Sims, working class, Ramsden, ~~ret~~ retired ~~bu~~ linendraper, herself, daughter of a Colonel — naturally they did not agree how to help the Levys: in fact before many minutes were out it would become plain that Miss Sims thought the only way to ~~help the Levys~~ was to kill Mr Lazenby: Mr Lazenby, ~~nettled~~, ~~he hotly~~ ~~retaliated by mocking~~ ~~wanted to~~ ~~replied, not in so many words,~~ ~~that the State forenoon~~ that the State, & the Church should obliterate Miss Sims. ~~Such scenes, such gatherings~~ Mr ~~Lazenby had friends~~ in ~~privileged positions~~. ~~Miss Sims was~~ Such gatherings, Eleanor knew, were taking

who might be called poor, ~~want~~ but showed no visible signs of prosperity — he had not been away this summer —

between them respectably but comfortably off.

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The number of people who wanted to do something surprised her greatly.

to give the benefit of their business experience:

others like Miss Peck from a vague strong sentimental [illegible] help.

what was the right course to take with the funds at the disposal for the relief of distress during the coming winter.

place in little galvanised rooms all over England: in every
town, in some back street, private people, with of
varied incomes, with varied interests were meeting in
October 1891 (with a little money at their disposal,
representing some philanthropic society)
& ~~the whole thing depend~~ & some wanted to do this:
others that. & some ~~wanted~~ believed that the poor
were right; others that the poor were wrong: some
believed that the cure lay in religion & government: ~~were [illegible]~~
others that nothing short of revolution would cure
some, like Miss Porter, were there because they had
nothing to do: others ~~were there~~ ~~because the~~ It was one of the
& like Andrew Brocket ~~had~~ an ~~unusual~~
innumerable duties. The retired tradesmen were
the people who interested Eleanor. Retired
tradesmen were the most dark horses – the
difficult class. There were a great many
'classes' sitting at the same table. Each suspected
the other. Each would ~~[illegible]~~ And however often
they sat round the table they would never
lose some curious ~~[illegible]~~ sub conscious suspicion.
It was also But she was beginning to be able to
get her own way. There was a good deal
of business to be done: ~~accounts to be read; statements~~ They even stayed
~~to be made~~: She was rather late
She [illegible] of her mother's watch that she had
marked with her forefinger that morning. She
would be late at Rigby Cottages where she had an
appointment with the builder ~~about the~~
at 11. ~~th~~ 30. She had to hurry them up
rather drastically. She ran the risk of
incurring old Judd's dislike. He had an
objection to ladies in any case:

She stuffed her papers back into her
bag, put on her coat, & ~~began~~ walked away

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smart pace towards Rigby Cottage. They still looked
the straight as she turned the corner into Peter Street,
a ~~good~~ deal better than their neighbours. The
tablet she had put in over the door, three sun flowers
rising out of a pot, ~~had by way of signifying~~
for ever her Aunt's money. & her aunt had loved
flowers, had become so black that it hardly showed.
She had been badly let down by that rascal Duffus.
He had made a bad job of his house. In her
inexperience, she had employed local labour: & local
labour, of Mr Duffus was a fine sample, was
that little flourish in the face of ~~totally~~ ability, was
rapidly disappearing: ~~But~~ ~~If only, she thought,~~
It amused her, grimly, to ~~have thought about sunflowers~~
as a symbol of her own incompetence. ~~She~~ She had
meant by ~~her sunflowers~~ to ~~stand for something~~ pretty;
to signify ~~something~~ / by ~~work~~ her sun flowers. &
~~then she had~~ some vague aspiration after beauty

to be taken up the street

& then she had employed ~~Hardy~~ Duffus, the local builder,
to build the house, instead of taking expert advice:
& he had swindled her. ~~They had never been~~ There were
~~damp proof from the beginning.~~
perpetual ~~difficulties~~. Now the roof leaked: now the
there was a crack in the plaster; ~~Now~~ the damp ~~The~~
bedroom walls were wringing wet.

complaints

She had summoned Duffus not for the first
time to meet her & see what could be done. She
was she was without illusions about Duffus
now; but she still found him — he was standing at
the door to meet her — a most charming ruffian.

in her tweed cap, with her little cart

As they went over ~~the house~~ neighbouring two, attended by all the
tenants, ~~in various~~ she felt that she, ~~Duffus~~ Hardy

Mrs Gray, Mrs Hunter & old Mrs Platt Raffles was bedridden

She succumbed, with her eyes wide open, to
~~his~~ the old lure, of this blundering incompetent
little fogging ~~tradesman~~: ~~who~~ He had cheated her
right & left: he was an incompetent workman;

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& felt the small builder, the man with a few hundred
pounds at his back, who was with his ladder, his
putty, his 4 journeymen, his pocket book, his
man & his bag, his little yard, where he kept planks,
& saws, & bricks, — this ~~very~~ incompetent ~~bad~~
builder of whom who was struggling, like a fly in a
saucer, to extricate himself from the ~~wall~~ the
workers, to climb laboriously into the ranks of
employers, — ~~& he was~~ also interested her, so that she
willingly (in her own mind) & forgave him for being a
liar, a cheat, & an incompetent builder. She
was becoming more & more tolerant of ~~such~~ were they
crimes. ~~Crime was altogether losing its~~ She was ~~both~~
crimes? what was crime? more & more
coming to feel ~~doubtful, as she~~ ~~morality~~, so they
doubtful of such divisions: to judge by ~~that minute~~
not ~~so of judging per~~ ~~nonsense~~. standards: &

Asks where important—

~~were~~ Abercorn Terrace ~~was~~ ~~Duffus talk~~: ~~The~~ ~~It was~~ Part of the
~~She loved to hear~~ Notting Hill's love to her was that she
~~where to hear~~ was rid there of ~~the stand~~ home standards.
~~without much~~ She did not ~~condemn~~ knew why—
all she could say was that she felt much more
at home much more on her own, & at her ease
with ~~the~~ men like Duffus's &, ~~the~~ ~~who~~ than & than
with her brother's friends. ~~She liked~~ It was
not sympathy. She enjoyed ~~the~~ ~~talk about~~
understood their point of view. She liked to
hear them talking about plaster, wages & strikes:
She liked to go into Duffus's yard, & see
~~the~~ she liked ~~his~~ the sense that he was an
adventurous that the small builder gave her:
he might ~~to~~ get a job ~~at a chap~~ to build a
chapel, take on more hands, blossom out,
become an employer on a large scale: a
~~this~~ ~~of~~ . Rightly speaking, she should have
condemned him ~~for~~ to perdition. As a matter
of fact. She had a little model of the Duffus

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family in her head; to be the wife of a small builder seemed
to her ~~a~~ desirable: the Establishment, the Stores; & then
the years turn over: Shopkeepers as a class
interested her immensely. She would walk past
Whiteleys & ~~Shanks~~ Harrods — the Army & Navy Stores —
shops, of one thought of them buying in from all parts,
with little spirit, agile minded men like Duffus at
the back of them, seemed to her very romantic. But
undoubtedly he cheated her — ~~his~~ She could
constable or two
have put him up to a
Still there could be no doubt that the plausible little
man, her enemy Duffus, was a cheat. Then they
tapped at Mrs Raffles' door. She was over 80. She
would live to be a hundred, no doubt. And she longed to die:
The ~~tenacity of the poor~~ life was of an extraordinary
~~hardy~~ tenacity in Seler Street... She could never
despatched much more quickly
Her visits were
than they used to be. The visits were over.
as a matter of fact. She was living in one room to be over
The sight of tenacity to disturb her: She had to
Eighty. Still had power that it was hopeless
rescue lonely by the thought worn out,
to become a Moream Parish — fed,
what one wanted,
Colourless, embittered.
The thought ~~or she~~ descended again into the
the ground floor, with Mrs Sharkey gay before
to show the damp stains in her kitchen, was
to fight; not to submit. all the children
of the neighbourhood had come round Hardy's ivory cart.
One must steel one's heart against that too —
It was easy enough for her, she thought: in the
preserve of life, round ground & limb: & yet there
were occasions, when un imaginative, prosaic
mind, what lit in little rounds of
~~Boot~~
profound depression.
She stood in the street with Hardy:
totting up the things that must be seen to.
If he failed her again: she would go to Duffus. The
reval. They used. be having the Norwegian opt —
theirs.

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the old woman lying alone in her back room
wishing to die, but unable to die — she had relief from
the parish & ~~[illegible]~~ Miriam Parrish came &
read to her — she ~~still~~ could still disturb
her. But it was useless to give way to gloom.
What one must do, she thought as she descended
again on to the ground floor with Mrs Hunter
going before to show the damp stain on her
ceiling, was not to submit but to fight.
She was increasingly severe with Hardy ~~H~~
~~he could not make~~
"If you can't make a good job of it this time employ somebody else."
Mr Hardy" she said, "I shall have to ~~ask~~
go elsewhere." That was the ~~manner~~ style of the
Colonel's daughter talking to a servant — a
style she was coming to believe in less & less.
But perhaps it was ~~the~~ necessary. He was
impressed. ~~They came~~ All Peter Street had
collected to ~~look~~ stare at Hardy's pony —
And again, depression threatened to leak in, &
sentiment & effusion, as she saw the
children's crowding round ~~interest in~~ that ~~the~~ broken kneed hack.
~~She was becoming less & less maternal,~~
~~Children ought to have ponies of their own, she felt~~;
no sugar was available in Peter Street for ponies:
But what was the use of indulging in sentiments
of that kind? They helped nobody: they led
one to run up badly built houses with
sunflowers growing out of pots. ~~She was~~
~~all this had taken time~~. ~~She was due at~~
She would certainly 'stand' one of these days: she
~~of 'home rule', allowed.~~ ~~That was becoming~~
~~more & more~~ Her duties seemed to
point more & more decidedly to a career
in which she could Standing, ~~before~~

Sugar

NYPL

talking, of the cond street, some honorary post on a the
School or Council was the only solution of the —
~~problem~~. — the innumerable problems. But a glance at
her watch reminded her of home ties again.

Lunch was to be at one.

She must cut the other houses short. ~~Indeed~~ Always
she would again be late for lunch she thought, as she
issued from the third of her model houses; & again,

She could not see the

she had a run for the yellow bus, & ~~only~~ ~~sprang on~~
~~Jumped in as it was~~ moving. sprang
indeed the conductor had to haul her on board.

Curve his arm round her &

She sat between two disapproving ladies panting
Ungainly. Her hair, she suspected, was coming But she
down: her face was red with running
~~It~~ was triumphant. ~~There~~ There were nearly
three months before Christmas. ~~She was~~
Her hands were full of work. ~~It was~~ partly
that she had ~~&~~ caught the bus. partly that
~~her~~ life was so full of interest, & excitement.
~~She had managed her~~ at thirtyfive she was becoming
at last, mature — ~~the~~ the extreme diffidence was
leaving her. Perhaps she was grown up. It seemed to
take a very long time, growing up. She still felt
nearly the youngest person in the omnibus.
she always felt ~~are grown,~~ ~~absurdly~~
You, ~~all of you~~ — I am a mere child. She
men & women: & think that they
used to look at other peoples faces
were immense, somehow certain, their minds
made up. Now she felt that she was on an
Equality ~~with the most~~ terms with most of
them — Perhaps, she thought, the only thing that one
discovers that nobody is grown up . . . . Major Porter was
If you ceased to be afraid of them, Mrs Lazenby was
only a very large schoolboy: Mr Sam. Cubrick. she began reviewing her
colleagues on the Care Committee: &, in
their absence. became aware of foibles. of

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amused herself by reviewing their foibles their little peculiarities—
how easy it was to play upon them, to get round them—
And she went on to marvel at the extraordinary
intricacies & complexities of London's vestries & Councils &
Guardians & Schoolboards: Just under the skin,
what a network it all was—how wasteful, how
Corrupt in many ways: & old, & picturesque; &
slow & imperious & mixed ~~up~~ with all kinds of
It would be a feat of ~~the~~ adventure, if she,
Eleanor Pargiter, the uneducated, ~~the~~ girl, the
youngest person in the bus, could actually
take her stand, on a School board.
Eleanor ~~had again left herself out: again she~~ was
again felt the pleasure of controlling &
~~& thus~~ her Committee. She ~~a~~ felt that this
morning for the first time she was quite grown up—
~~as old it had~~ uneducated but mature.
But as she felt for her latch key on the doorstep of
Abercorn Terrace, & she suddenly remembered:
Maggie's present. ~~Lunch was at one.~~ It was already
one. But there was nothing for it—she must
~~dash round~~ dash round to Lamleys—Lamleys was
the only hope; Happily, Mrs Lamley, who had
known her since she was a child, had
rather enlarged ~~her~~ the scope ~~lately~~ of her shop,
It now included besides trains, balls, flutes, &
swans & newspapers, some trays of ~~cheap~~ beads.
Eleanor explaining that it was for ~~her~~ little
Cousin,—Mrs. Lamley ~~had~~ a 20 necklace that might do.
There was a bright blue necklace
Eleanor had no time for conversation; she
could only gratify Mrs Lamley to the
extent of telling her that the ~~the~~ necklace
was for 'my little niece—no, I mean cousin".

in case they had
"something
pretty
something to"
wear.

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but even that brief information satisfied Mrs Lamley
much of whose ~~the~~ interest in life came from
ramifications
ruminating over the relations of her customers
families. Eleanor was late for lunch. She
~~hf~~ Her life, she felt, ~~was bent in~~ as she ran
back up the steps, ~~but hardly~~ was spent in
running ~~to catch omnibuses~~, but ~~she was~~
it secretly stirred ~~& flattered~~ her — that there was
always rather more to do than she could get done.
Letters waiting, parcels waiting, the regret even of
books from the library, the sense that Crosby
would attack the gong before she had
stuck the last pin into her hair, added to her, as her life
sense of the crowded moving changing texture
She apologised to her father; but ~~there was the~~
it was the necklace that had made her late.
She had
~~there~~ it was — bright blue with little flecks of
on the table.
gold. ~~He He slipped it into his pocket~~
It would do very well, he said — ~~In her opinion~~
~~the~~ little girls ought to begin to like necklaces.
~~when they were~~ at about Maggie's age. And
then he helped the cutlets, & Eleanor
produced ~~that~~ a carefully edited version of
her morning's work. She had never confessed
that Rigby Cottages were unsatisfactory,
because when she built them she had
always suppressed the fact that it was an
investment like another. ~~She~~ In fact, ~~she had~~
it was a very bad investment financially; & her
father would never think less well of her; it would
contribute to his argument that the poor
deserved to be poor if he realised that
~~thrifty methods~~ that Hardy ~~had meth~~
had made a very bad job of his building

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But there was a question of getting to the Law Courts now, in time to hear Morris. ~~Except~~ Besides that—there was no reason to suppose that Morris would speak today. "The other fellow was still on his ~~hind~~ legs, probably" "~~These long~~ Cases" said the Colonel. "~~Drag on~~, Day after day. ~~who had controlled the Times~~. These lawyers know how to spin things out ... here..." he ~~unfolded~~ began the ~~Soldier's~~ Times, twisting & then ~~going~~, as they drank their coffee ~~which~~ & the great sheet & which finding the Law ~~Reports involved: & was still~~ when Eleanor had put on her clothes he was able to inform her that Wilson v. Blair was being tried before Mr. Justice ~~Carter~~ Sanders ~~Hartley~~: & that ~~the counsel for the pro prosecution was~~

. Old Curry, hmm, said Eleanor, glancing at her watch. She had dined with old Curry not so long ago. She ~~was moving to~~ would have to take a cab.

"Take a cab, Eleanor, take a cab," said her father. "If you're short of cash" he began fumbling in his pocket for silver. He often supplemented Eleanor's household pounds with odd shillings in this way. And she always took them with the old childish feeling that papa's trouser pocket was a silver mine: & the coins ~~there were~~ could be fished up, from it with his three fingers, eternally.

Well then, at tea papa, she said.

No I'm going round to the Digbys, he reminded her.

Well Dinner then, she said,

Dinner, said the Colonel, & then he lit ~~his~~ a cigar to smoke with the last drops of his coffee.

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Eleanor hailed the first hansom she met jingling
along by the kerb. A hansom meant a
considerable saving of time. ~~It~~ ~~She~~ It occurred
~~It meant ten minutes saved for~~ — & it gave her
time to think it ~~reflect that~~, time to remember after she had left many things
undone; she had not written to ~~the~~ Edward; ~~she had~~
wife — he had married Dorothy Ledbitter, the
of Oxford, two years ~~before~~ ago — about ~~the~~
Crosby's niece who might be ready to go to
the Edwards as nurse; nor she remembered
had she read Bobby's letter from India. She had
stuffed it in her bag. Yes, it was still in
her bag. She opened it, & began to read
it as the hansom trotted along ~~Oxford Street~~
the Bayswater Road. Bobby's ~~He~~ regiment was
stationed near Hyderabad. His letter ~~And he had~~ It was a
much longer letter than usual. He had ~~been~~
had rather an adventure. He had had three days
leave. And he had gone with a chap called Rankin
the ~~same~~ ~~deer~~ shooting. — His style was rather
bald & jerky. However, I left Rankin at the
rest house; thinking I would & thought I would
we got to the rest house before our baggage: as Rankin
I ~~thought I might as well have a little~~
had rubbed his heel, I went off by myself to have a
a ~~little~~ before dinner. ~~The rest house, I must~~ explain,
is ~~at the~~ I took my rifle in case I saw any deer.
Also there was said to be a tank in the jungle
where the peacocks came ..." Eleanor looked out
of the window. They were trotting down Oxford Street, past
Marshall & Snelgrove. "The jungle at this point
forms a triangle so — here was a diagram —
"with the rest house at the apex, by the crow. Well
~~I~~ walked for perhaps half an hour, north, &
& then it struck me that I could I thought I

knee was
painful.

took road
later

ago—

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thought I would try to strike across to the place where I
took the tank to be. I found myself soon in the middle of
thick jungle. Imagine yourself in a thicket of
brambles, with thorns about three inches long, closing
over your head. It got thicker & thicker I couldn't
force ~~my way through. In fact~~, Clearly, it was no
good tearing myself to pieces that way. So I turned —
with the intention of getting back to the original track.
However, after walking for fifteen minutes I found
myself in open jungle — that is to say with trees
of some size standing in open spaces — no sign of the
track. (The jungle I should say at this point is about
ten metres thick) Well, the only course was to I then saw ~~perceived~~ I had ~~was~~ entirely
climb a tree. ~~which I did~~ dark. It was also
lost my way. It was getting ~~the question was~~
very cold: ~~I had come out in my~~ I should have to
~~Then~~ It now was ~~above~~ ~~became~~ clear that there was no
spend the night out. ~~There is~~ ~~before~~ night fall —
chance of finding the track; where I was.
in fact the only safe course was to stay where I was. ~~Then~~ Next came
~~my~~ the ~~chief~~ ~~of course, I was~~ an investigation. I found
the question of fire. a few sheets of
that I possessed two matches & a few sheets of a government [illegible]
the ~~Rm~~ an order for supplying [illegible] in the neighbourhood.
I collected all the dry sticks &c. The first match went out.
& made a bonfire. The first caught, or it would
By ~~sheer~~ ~~super~~ good luck the second caught, I should have been writing
have ~~been doubtful~~ if I should have a good fire going. & & the heavy
this ~~letter~~ Well I got a good fire going. from elephants.
there I sat.. ~~There~~ the danger was from elephants. I had to
However the fire ~~was~~ soon burnt through. one night [illegible]
go & get ~~fetch~~ wood ~~plentifully~~. The danger was one night [illegible]
up a snake. . Eleanor looked at. ~~They~~
The hansom had turned & was going down
Chancery Lane — Her brother had set out all
night. [illegible] away. by a fire.. alone.
She read on." It seemed an appalling time, &

~~Now~~ getting the sun was sinking fast.

of ver,

I could hear them. The fire however made a great blaze. But unless

the 7

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one began also to feel infernally sleepy. We had been
walking most of the day. I found myself dropping off to
sleep. I must have been pretty nearly off several
times. Once I ~~be~~ thought I heard shouting. I fired my
rifle twice — But the voices went further away...
~~He must have~~ That must have been the worst moment
of all. Eleanor thought: when the voices went further
away. Then at last I must have dropped off to sleep. So there was
~~And then~~ The fire had gone out afterw.
nothing left but to make another shot at the track.
Happily the sun was now rising. I took ~~my bearings~~:
reasoned the matter out; & in fifteen minutes had
found the track. after ~~that it was easy going~~. They had given me
I met them starting out in search.
up for dead. ~~But it~~ What saved the situation was
the two matches & the city of the [illegible] regulation—
The cab had drawn up at the Law Courts.
For a moment, as Eleanor stood paying the driver & the sun
she saw nothing but little stunted trees, ~~yellow~~ & the sun
rising over ~~a vast~~ the vast waste of India.
If the second match had gone out, she thought to herself.
For a moment she saw Robbys round, harmonious,
face; & his white knees, as he sat by his fire; ~~or~~ as he
heaped up the sticks that might have been matches.
The Law Courts looked extraordinarily black & cold &
grim as she entered. She saw the twisted flames
still roaring up. Then she heard the rattle of
Bobbys rifle: & the voices shouting & going further
away.

Her sister in law was waiting in the corridor.

As a smiling face

They had heard my rifle shots: but cd. not make out the direc-

NYPL

"There you are ~~Eleanor~~!" cried her sister in law, as Eleanor came ~~into the~~ ~~along the~~ hurrying along the passage, ~~outside the Courts in~~ outside the Courts.

"I was just going in."

The sister in law ~~shoved~~ passed through the swing door into the Court in which the case of Wilson v. Blair was being tried. It was rather crowded. ~~the~~ small & dark; ~~at first~~ Eleanor ~~could not make out~~ as she squeezed into her place could not at first ~~make~~ ~~make out any~~ recognise anyone. Then she saw Morris in front, turning, as if to look for her; but when he saw her & his wife he made no sign of recognition; nor did Eleanor, like to ~~she~~ do anything but compress her lips slightly in the solemn atmosphere of the Law Courts. Also Indeed, Morris in a wig looked so removed from daily life that she scarcely ~~knew him~~; It cut off his ~~face~~ ~~making his~~ & The wig ~~cutting off his forehead~~, & with its ceremonious forehead square, framing his face was extremely curls, ~~seemed to make him~~ him look so becoming. She had never seen intellectual, so marmoreal. Then, ~~handsome~~. so severe, almost instantly a door was thrown open, an usher demanded silence for his Lordship, everybody stood up, & the judge in red & ermine, strode in; bowed; & took his seat under the Lion & the Unicorn. It was tremendously impressive. Eleanor felt a little ~~to be~~ thrill run through her. That was old Curry, transformed. She had dined ~~with the~~ Currys not so very long ago, at ~~one of those~~ at a large ~~pompous legal parties~~ where the dinner table rippled with long strips of yellow embroidery; & silver cups at intervals are Sir John collected silver & dish of almonds.

was full of admiration for her

Gellanti

Hi

NYPL

old oak — most of it, ~~she suspected,~~ too ornate for her taste.
And there were faggots of biscuits tied with pink
ribbon beside each plate — why these details of
those tremendous dinner parties returned to her, she
when she should be trying to pick up her place in the
Case of Wilson v Blair she could not say.
~~And then~~, just as irrelevantly, she thought of the stunted green
jungle & the sun setting over all those trees. & ~~Bobby~~ ...
but ~~she forced herself~~ the blaze of fire as ~~lightning~~ her second match.
but she forced herself to attend. It was a gibber of
meaningless sound to her at first,
As her father had said, lawyers knew how to spin
things out. Morris sat there in front ~~with~~ with
wigs all round him. Ah but now he rose; she
felt Celia stiffen with pride & nervousness beside her.
He looked very tall & very black & white, as he spoke.
He One hand was at the lapel of his gown; &
Eleanor thought ~~How~~ odd that that should be
dear old Morris's hand. She had never heard
him speak in the Law Courts before. He seemed to
her formalised, removed — she ~~could~~ Everything &
then ~~the case~~ she did not recognise the gesture
of the hand at all, as he ~~took~~ opened it &
shut it, making some point. But everything -
then he said something that was just in the ~~the case was~~
manner of dear old Morris; so that she smiled.
~~something to do with~~
Half turning she smiled at her sister in law. But
Celia was looking ~~perfectly~~ fixedly at her
husband, as if she must keep her eye on his
face, lest he should make some dreadful mistake.
Ah, Eleanor thought ~~I dont suppose~~ ~~I dont~~ coming back from school ~~from coming~~
~~remember Morris~~ ~~coming back from~~
~~like that at~~ Papa, when Papa laughed at him —
Celia wouldnt remember that. Eleanor
tried to fix her mind upon the case. It was

NYPL

an important case between two great firms, ~~about~~
one had infringed the rights of the other. Morris
appeared for Wilson — it was his first big case; [illegible]
the burden of proof was upon Morris. The Judge
interrupted. "Do I understand you to mean, Mr.
Pargiter ..." said old Curry; & Eleanor was
thrilled to see how instantly Morris stopped: how
~~[illegible]~~ respectfully ~~bu~~ he listened; & then
her sense of impending doom — that he would break
down somehow — was soothed. For without hurry
or any sign of discomposure he took a book.
found a place. read out a ~~judgment~~ sentence:
upon which old Curry nodded as if appeased —
made a note in a book. "They must think
extremely highly of him" Eleanor thought: as
Morris resumed his speech, taking hold of the
label of his coat again.

She looked round the Court. ~~She tried~~ to
It was very crowded. She tried to identify the unfortunate
people whose ~~were~~ claims to ever so many thousands of
pounds were being thus dismissed by Morris.
Blacs were great shipping people: Wilson were great
shipping people. The case involved several thousands
of pounds. That was almost all she knew for it

about a dock.

~~But it depends~~ she wished she had learnt about
points of law years ago ... But she had always
muddled things up. She looked round the

a very technical matter, involving points of law

Court. ~~All those~~ ~~All the t~~. It was full of
barristers. They leant against the walls sides, listening.
the way was extremely
They ~~In their~~ The light All the faces seemed ~~[illegible]~~
becoming ~~they looks~~ they were like Eighteenth Century
~~out~~; emphasised; they were more concentrated, all
pictures: they were Distractions removed, content
fixed on one thing.

NYPL

with the outer world cut off; yes she gazed at the Judge:
He was lying back in his chair. He looked infinitely
wise, sad, experienced; as if words had beat upon
him these hundreds of years. & then he opened his eyes:
& wrinkled his face & enlivened; & his hand,
with its enormous cuff, wrote something in the
great book; & then he lapsed again into his
sad vigil. over the incessant bickerings of human
beings. Yet this was the man who
collected sham antiques. whose home, with its
had a dark oily surface owing to the number of
old masters it contained. Well ~~a man~~ he
might be a good judge: a bad art critic she
supposed. ~~And~~ he might well be at a loss
for anything to say to a Miss Pargiter at dinner
last time happily she had sat next the son.
~~She could not~~; He
Morris went on speaking: entirely in his
was wholly absorbed; he was, with the features
element. Eleanor watched him with ~~He was~~
interest. ~~This was the reason why he had~~ years ago he had
This was what he meant when, ~~what the~~
talked about '~~The~~ Bar': This was so that when
Law had run in his blood, all these years: so
the Bar: Papa wanted him to go into Uncle John's
office. he had been almost
this arguing, pleading, coolly, with respect, with
control, with perfect composure, & a books
with little wads of paper between the pages, &
all these emphatic faced men, some like hawks
others like owls, but all concentrated &
cut off from normal life, listening, approving, this
for reckoning up, as Morris went on, the
points then that. He was entirely in
his element she felt. And now, with
two children, he was committed. He
would take silk. In the end he would be
a judge too.

weary from its

lazy drought
eyes over

belonging [illegible]
to the Bar.

NYPL

Eleanor Then Morris sat down. His wife relaxed
her grip on her handbag. ~~The~~ She Again Morris again
looked round the Court without appearing to see
~~them.~~ ~~Ele~~ Another barrister rose. & Eleanor,
giving ~~Gave up the attempt to follow him~~, allowed
herself a respite. Celia might be able to make as he knew,
some sense of it: though, with three small children, it
seemed to probable to Eleanor that her grasp of
legal points round was uncertain; but Eleanor
had heard her brother. ~~She~~ She was not going to stay.
For a few minutes she leant back in her seat,
& ~~thought of~~ with a sudden feeling of relaxation:
~~She~~ Physically she was not tired. But she had been
going from one thing to another all day; ~~she~~ as
she leant back she had a feeling ~~that it~~
she felt the ~~many scenes in which she had~~
one scene appear & then another: in not in order, not
completely: rather ~~as~~ in a succession of ~~questions~~:
unrelated facts: the old bedridden woman dy
Cufnell, Hardy: her father & her yellow
financial paper; the parlourmaid's arms
laying table: Bobby sitting beneath a tree
with a match in his hand; & then ~~that was~~
it was all that ~~off in a~~ second, & here she
was in the Law Courts. ~~The only thing is~~
~~the world here was~~, she replied. ~~How~~ higgledy
piggledy ~~it all was!~~ ~~If only she had~~
~~time~~, she had never laid hands on the
whatever it was that ran all the different
scenes together. She ~~had~~ Love? Money? On a
She used to walk up & down her bedroom
brushing her teeth, ~~&~~ thinking things out.
Is it love, is it money — she could see herself, in her

when one
gave only a
respite

the
Commotion:

NYPL

NYP.

little back bedroom, from the ages of twenty to twenty three
She had bothered her head a good deal with the
what was behind it all. Now she was committed — like
everybody else, she supposed. She scarcely ever saw
Morris alone now. The time had come, as she
had told him, when he had more work than he could do.
and she was busy. ~~In~~ Still, at intervals in the chinks
& crevices of daily life, there still bubbled up
this wonder, this question. ~~or if~~ ~~not~~ it were not
actually a question ~~this~~ desire to question, for
it was becoming less & less possible, now that the
day held so many things, to find one answer.
Finding answers was perhaps ~~on~~ what one did
in youth. Rose for example — Rose would
argue by the hour. She congratulated herself upon
having insisted that Rose should go to College.
Perhaps if Delia had been to College, Delia would
have been less — there! Far from dealing with
what she called ~~the~~ higgledy piggledy she was
~~drifting into~~ saying this is that one act was
good, another not so good: she was not getting to
the bottom of things: The case went on.
She looked surreptitiously at her watch.
Would Celia think her remiss as a sister of the
went now? ~~It was a~~ & It was going on
for ever apparently. The Judge ~~had~~ was
leaning against the side of his chair. His
cheeks ran down in heavy folds; he looked like
something cast in bronze. The light was fading.
She whispered "I'm afraid I must go". Her
sister in law was, she knew, a little
surprised at her defection; but after all,
she had heard Morris speak. She
made her way out of the court.

NYPL

She liked coming out into the Strand & ~~walking~~
finding herself in that ~~uproar. quarter pale~~ that uproar, in
that pallor. She liked the coarseness of the City, & its
speed. It ~~too~~ made her feel grown up. ~~to be~~
The sheltered years of girlhood were over. ~~She was a~~
now she could walk along the Strand without being
~~noticeable~~ ~~noticeable~~ — She was no ~~longer very~~ young: ~~She~~
~~she had never been very~~ pretty. / She walked slowly
westward. The jagged irregular street was
crowded with cabs & omnibuses. Above was the
dazzle of the watery but gleaming sky. After the
airlessness of the Courts the ~~air~~ ~~out of door~~ open air was
refreshing; & the tightness, the concentration ~~of the~~
~~had~~ vanished; ~~dissipated by~~ as she walked ~~Now~~ The case of
~~Blair v~~ Wilson v Blair was dispensed. ~~It was~~
She thought of the Judge still lying back with his
~~Cheek ag~~ head against the side of his chair; she
thought of the sympathetic legal men in wigs; of
~~there~~ they ~~would sit for on & on the supposed~~.
The case would be decided one way or
another — ~~she hoped~~ Morris's way ~~she hoped~~. But she was
not interested in the case. She was content to walk
along ~~in~~ the Strand in the direction of Charing
Cross. letting the wind pull in her face, looking
idly at the passers by. ~~A born Cockney~~
~~she knew which bus was to be found where.~~
At Charing Cross she would probably get into an
omnibus — ~~Her father was out, therefore~~ She could
meander home, from bus to bus. as her father was out.
The crowd at Charing Cross stopped her. There was something
queer about the crowd. There were little knots of ~~men women~~
~~were~~ standing round newspaper boys. Newspaper
boys were dealing out papers as fast as they
could. She saw written in great letters on a
placard "Death of Parnell". The Parnell was dead.
Stopped still. He was dead.

stared at.

[illegible] with
chimneys
streaming
with
wires

& it was strange
to feel

NYPL

She thought of her sister
It seemed impossible What would Delia do! ~~What a~~
~~shock!~~ But it was impossible — She ~~ho~~ wanted her
run & bought a paper. ~~It was true~~. Mr Parnell had
died yesterday at Brighton. There was some
mystery about it. That extraordinary man could

he must become
extinct suddenly
nobody
knew how.

not even die like other people. The crowd was pressed
round her — Everybody was opening the paper. She
could see men pointing to the news — she could feel
the astonishment in the air. But what would it

She welcomes the [illegible]
~~of fee~~ that comes
when
strangers feel the
same thing.

mean to Delia? ~~Parnell had~~ It was Parnell who had
made Delia leave them — he was at the bottom of her
wild passion for the Irish. ~~He had~~ all the
difficulties, all the scenes with Papa, all those
adventures in ~~the~~ Ireland were due, at the ~~to~~ a
~~in the~~ to some wild foolish infatuation ~~for~~
man whom she had never even spoken to. Then she hailed a cab,

She walked about
at stations, in
the Strand to see
her pass. It was

Eleanor hesitated a moment. Then
& told the man to drive to Queen Square,
Southampton Row. Delia might be there,
or she might not. She shared rooms in that
very disreputable neighbourhood with an
Irishwoman — Bridget O'Grady. ~~Eleanor~~
~~thought of Parnell~~. What a career, & she thought to
herself. ~~She had~~ as in a dream. ~~She had been like~~ She thought him wrong. She
~~thought that Ireland wrong~~. She ~~thought that~~
was, She thought him wrong; but she had,
from Delia; a romantic interest in this faction

took a cab &
drove to his
mistress's house.

pale man, who ruled, like a King; & then
It shocked her. ~~His~~ She did not like Delia to
be mixed up with ~~divorce~~ leaders who
~~he~~ got into the divorce court. And yet she
She did not like Irish people: ~~that~~ She thought
that Delia was foolish to go off to ~~Irel~~
Ireland ~~doing~~: she could not follow her
because the Pargiters themselves were not Irish

NYPL

at the same time she envied Delia some of her experiences.
She thought that Papa had been hard on her. As There had
been no open breach. He merely said that ~~if~~ Delia
~~preferred~~ Delia always had a home with them — if she
chose to live with a scatterbrained creature like
Bridget O'Grady in rooms she might. He paid her
her allowance. She managed on her share of
Aunt Emily's legacy. But she had far better judgment
than the O'Gradys, the O'Learys, & all the other
Irish with whom she lived. The cab stopped at in
Southampton Row. Eleanor got out still carrying the
Copy of the Evening newspaper. She made her way into
the big old faded decrepit looking square which they
in the late October evening looked disreputable, dangerous.
Seemed to Eleanor — compared with Abercorn Terrace.
Delia & Bridget shared two rooms at the top of
one of the old houses. ~~They had~~ There Delia played her
violin at parties given to celebrate some political
victory. Eleanor ran up the stairs ~~com~~ noticing
Eleanor rang the bell — the top one. But no one came
She walked up. The wooden stairs were worn,
but there were broad carved banisters. On
Jugs of milk stood on window sills, & there
An old woman was coming down with a basket.
~~When she rea~~ ~~She knocked at~~ There was a
milk jug outside Delia's door too. She knocked.
Nobody came. She ~~knoo~~ listened. There was no
sound. The door was locked. She stood
there on the landing looking at the trees outside.
It was very quiet. She could hear wood pigeons
crooning in the trees — the sound of the traffic, of the
newspaper boys shouting, was far off.
She must be in Ireland — or
no Delia was out. There was nobody to ask.
somewhere. There was no way of leaving a
There was no servant — no
Perhaps Bridget was away as well,
message.

NYPL

Eleanor reflected, as she went slowly down the broad
wooden stairs again, past the figs in the window sill,
not for if she had found Delia what could she have said?
Delia would read the placard in somewhere. Parnell is
dead perhaps in Dublin. She would have friends with
her. They would all feel the same thing. What would
they do? What would they say? Eleanor ~~was~~
naturally disliked rhetoric. She had no feeling for the
Irish in particular. She was rather scornful of them
passions for leaders – of Irish people who could not
work with English people, as the Scotch did. She
was inclined to agree with her father. And yet
she understood Delia's point of view. Life had been
very dull for Delia at Abercorn Terrace. She
had always been the discontented one. Oh my
God! she used to cry. But her passion for
Parnell had certainly prevented her from marrying.
Yes but she had had adventures – it was an
odd living like this up here in this remote wild
part of London in rooms alone with Bridget.
She had cast off home ties.
~~Home ties~~
Eleanor walked once or twice up & down the
Square, in case her sister should return. She ~~was~~
shabbiness of the place depressed her. Children were
playing on the pavements. The old houses in
the neighbouring street seemed to be let out in
single rooms for gentlemen. She guessed that the
occupants of those heavily curtained rooms were
not altogether respectable. Delia came back
here late at night alone. She returned to the
Square. She stood for a moment looking up at the
shut windows, with the reflections of trees in them:
green curtains. Parnell is dead she said to herself.
She still held the paper in her hand.

NYPL

He had gone out suddenly leaving them all gaping.
She walked slowly back through the posts in to
Southampton Row.

shouted
'Hi'

Colonel Pargiter returning from the City also saw the
placard & instantly stuck his hand through the
little trap door in the roof of the his hansom. & He
bought a paper. He had hated Parnell. He had
abused him roundly once a week on an average
at the Club & elsewhere during the past ten years.
He had thought him an [illegible] unscrupulous adventurer —
a menace to the safety of the Empire. ~~At the same~~ time
~~he had~~ the Colonels own concerns in the City were
all the sounder for his death. At the same time
he had been a good fighter: ~~he had despised~~ the people
~~outcry against him~~ ~~who had attacked him for~~
~~immorality — that was all humbug.~~ his
love affair — ~~that~~ no blame attached to him for
that — the outcry against him was mostly humbug; in the colonels
though necessary; at the same time he hated
that his own daughter should be mixed up in
the most ~~indirect~~ of ways with that sort of
thing; but he was dead, drowned, # mysteriously;
Perhaps he had killed himself! The colonel read the
account as the cab trotted on towards Westminster.
~~He could not~~ Very little seemed to be known. The
family was keeping ~~some~~ things back.
Crumpling the paper in his hand, which lay outside
the cab door the Colonel frowned & thought of
Parnell all the way down Whitehall.
Men in public positions ~~cant~~ afford to do such
things, he said to himself. Then he ~~looked at~~
put on his glasses & looked at the City news.

NYPL

Parnell had ceased to count very much after the divorce
Case. His death, coming then, would make very little
difference. By the time his cab had reached the
abbey, the ~~Colonel felt that a general~~ shock which
the placard had given him — Parnell was only 46 (?)
it was hard lines to die so young — & by all
accounts Mrs. Parnell was an attractive woman —
the Colonel felt that things work out on the whole
as they ought. ~~to~~ Public men can't do certain
things that other men can do. And Parnell had
done about as much mischief as any man in his
generation.

No cab ever found its way to Browne Street
~~without~~ at the first attempt. He always had to
thrust his arm out & wave them to the right, then to the
left. ~~He often left the cab~~ Now he called out
impatiently after the usual mistake, "That'll do"
& got out two or three doors from his brother's house.
The truth was all these [illegible] ~~little~~ At Westminster
streets ~~were so much like~~ opened one out of the other —
& looked so much alike. He paid the fare, &
marched off to number thirteen. They had
made two houses into one, to accommodate the
family But it was becoming much better known.
It was one of Digby's clever acts — to buy two
tumbledown houses in a street nobody had ever been to;
for a mere song; & turn them into a very charming
~~family~~ rather an imposing looking place, with a
nice old garden behind for the children to play in.
They must have spent a good deal of money on it.
The maid came & let him in & ~~told him to wait in the~~
took him upstairs to the drawingroom. He
always liked Eugenie's drawingroom. It was
like her — it was untidy rather. ~~The piano~~ was
~~open,~~ there was music on the piano as if
she had been playing; & flowers. A charming
room, though rather full of smoke at the

on the
borders of
Westminster
Africa,
was one of the
streets that
no cabman
ever knew

NYPL

the moment. The ~~two~~ One sky windows in the back room were open; & ~~black war~~ wood smoke was blowing in. They must be burning something in the garden. The Colonel walked over & looked out. Down below, in the garden with the famous tree, under which some poet or other had sat, they were burning dead leaves. There was Eugenie, with the children, who were throwing dead leaves on the fire. As he looked, Magdalena, the little girl whose birthday it was, tossed a whole armful as high as she could, & the fire blazed up. ~~Her mother~~ Eugenie pulled them both back. Then the maid came out & mentioned his name. He tapped on the window, & Eugenie turned round, holding the children. ~~She~~ Her face lit up at once with ~~a~~ her genial ~~beautiful~~ cordial smile. But she raised her hand with all the fingers spread to stop him

No, no, I'll come up" she cried.

& a great gust of smoke blew in at the window, right into his face, making his eyes sting. He went back into the front room & took his usual chair, ~~& took his~~ opposite the window. Eugenie always sat in the corner of the sofa with her back to the light. She was getting on. She must be nearly ~~over~~ fifty. The little girls had been born late in her life. Ah, how she was. He rose to greet her.

My dear Abel she said, ~~coming forward~~. I am ashamed ..." She was a little blowsy about perhaps but she always seemed to Abel perfectly, that is to say suitably, dressed. In what? That he could never say. It was not he supposed the height of the fashion. The Digbys were not really rich, with ~~three~~ two sons at college: & one in the Diplomatic service; & the two little girls. But how beautifully she moved! Even

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She was growing rather ample, but her hair was as black as
ever: ~~She~~ & ~~the~~ her ~~foreign~~ look, ~~her sallow cheeks~~, her
beautiful ~~dark eyes, seemed~~ & the softness, the
swarthiness, the darkness & foreignness of her appearance
She was being Spanish - ~~gave her~~ seemed to be
~~make her~~ ~~&~~ suit her amplitude. She was not one
of the little slimming women. She was large, she was sensuous;
~~her~~ if not beautiful she seemed to her brother-in-law
more romantic than the pink & white English type.
Her room, the flowers pinned & so on, were all
to him sonorous, melodious; nothing & a little
exciting still. After the loved found Browne Street
adventurous, amazing, untidy, perhaps too
haphazard — but of own Digby's room was always
indefinable
as neat as a pin — after the He would
commonplaceness of his own house.
It would never have done to marry Eugenie, but
all these years, especially since Rose died, Abel had
been very devoted to his sister in law. He
always gave her one expensive flower. And she
always said, with the foreign accent which she
could exaggerate or eliminate as she liked, this
too good of you
gone through.
The formality was again he had often seen her
She took the flower, & she did what
do — she put it between her lips. There was no
vase handy — no pin. She would sit with the flower in
her hand, putting it to her lips, for ~~all her actions~~
as if to touch it, to taste it, to give it
something of her life, were a thing that she did by
nature. Or was it partly because she had
soft supple beautiful fingers? Or did the
flower suit her, banished in her & sallowness,
under the folds, ~~of her~~ which came down
like two dark curtains, over her brow?
with Eugenie; he was never quite sure. She

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a coquette in her youth. ~~There~~ had been hints, even
after ~~her marriage~~, that she had too many friends of the
other sex. ~~B~~

But that doubt ~~rather~~ pleased him; it flattered him
that she should instinctively ~~act thus~~ she feel him
someone to attract; & when, as usual, she poured
him out ~~a cup~~ more of tea – though the tea had stood some
time, & began to sipping it, he felt ~~oddly removed~~,
from ~~England & London~~, come over him some
strange breath from ~~warmer~~, hotter countries
where women, with dark hair like Eugenie's,
sit on in the sun, sipping endlessly. But she was
~~also a~~ There was a laziness in her gesture, as she
lay back a little, holding her flower, & sipping her tea.
that made him think, in a general way, of ~~Italy~~, of
~~Italy. of~~ the ~~Ea~~ of Eastern cities that he had known as a
young man. At the same time Eugenie was the most
admirable ~~of wives~~ wife; she did all the things that the
wife of a man in Digby's position ought to do – ~~she entertained.~~
She ~~went about a good deal~~ entertained, went out, ~~she remembered~~,
~~she knew a great many people~~ – That reminded
him – Parnell was dead.

"Have you seen the news?" he asked.

"Parnell – ~~is dead~~ he dead!" Lady Pagetts ~~sat~~
put down her cup. She drew in her breath.

He died ~~yesterday~~, at Brighton, it seems" said Eugenie: "Oh
"~~Oh~~ Poor thing!" ~~said~~ exclaimed Mrs.
poor thing!" She was thinking of ~~Her eyes~~ filled with tears.
Parnell apparently. for his career" said Abel.
"~~Well~~ She ruined his career" said
But how she must have loved him ~~She gave up everything for him~~." said
Eugenie: " Mrs Parnell
Colonel Pagetts had scarcely thought of a superficial
~~save as the~~ the analysis with a ~~woman~~ he
conventional condemnation, as a

It made him feel
that she knew
all his past.
~~Without~~ She knew,
as his daughter
could never know,
~~ah~~ a side of him
that his daughter
could never know.
She too ~~had been~~
was experienced,
He did not
know any
details, but
it was plain
that Eugenie
had in her time
attracted
admiration.

It was

She was
shocked. She sat upright
exclaimed. Then she Eyes

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thought, in indubitable society, of women who had lost their reputations. But Eugenie was genuinely moved. "What a career!" she exclaimed. "~~What a~~ life! ~~And~~ And that poor woman who gave up everything for him ~~is~~ ~~left alone~~. ~~And the way~~ After all she was . . . Who was she? Somebody one knows about."

"The sister of Sir Evelyn Wood" said Colonel Pargiter. "It would not be a pleasant thing, ~~to have one's~~ ~~sister was talked~~ for an officer to ~~be talked about~~. to have a sister."

He could not help reflecting how very unpleasant it would have been for him if his sister Emily had been the mistress of a famous man

Lady Pargiter put her flower to her lips again. She looked very foreign in her gleaming silk dress with the yellowish lace; & ~~rather~~ the heavy gold chain at her wound about her neck. She looked rather vague; she was oddly absentminded, now & then, in the middle of talk, as if something one said roused in that made memories, or stirred up emotions. She ~~must~~ & forgot what she was doing.

What little she can wear like the scaling of a snake smoothing in [illegible]

Yet why should one pity her? she said. Everything that one has loved, & given. Nothing matters in after all. Once one has said to family; once one has opened the comparison with this; once one has flung them open to window of one's soul wide & flung them open to the air so that one sees, not merely what I am seeing now, just what is here — this table, ~~this tea pot, this~~ tray — but ~~what is after all~~ "with an intenser them — the sky, music, flowers. . . Seldom she put the white camellia to her lips. ~~What more can one ask of life?~~" ~~The smoke~~

A great gust of smoke came in at the window. "I love smoke in a room" she said. She smiled. "~~It is like~~ Hanging round the edges of things. This like — An like" she repeated, waiting for an image to suggest itself. & seeing to ~~comp~~ see her mind two or three things

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to which smoke in a drawingroom might be compared.

~~But~~ "Don't you feel the draught?" said the Colonel.
He was amused always by her sudden & lawless queer flights
of fancy. They never made him uncomfortable; they were
so natural to her, & seemed to testify to the
ease of their relationship. She said what came into her
head, whether it sounded foolish or not.... "like
what was I saying? — oddly enough, for a moment I
was reminded of Seville. Was it the flower, perhaps? And
blowing in ... Maggie
then the smoke came ~~I promised them a treat~~ We were
birthday, you see. I for a treat ~~to a~~ flame" — She waved her
burning the dead leaves; & "I am dreadfully untidy." I
hand to her head — Any
But ~~No, I dont~~ And yet now, at this moment, And I was think of forgotten to well
what ~~must~~ she too be feeling, ~~alone~~, And
yesterday. She must have lain there by her side &
& heard the wind raging round the house. I do not
wonder that she would not tell anyone. She must
have remembered all
~~have felt~~ "Leave me alone." ~~Though the~~
the summer nights when he came to her.
She must have been glad that strong
~~Darkness~~. She must have watched the rain to darkening
raining. She must have lain there alone, hearing the wind.
Everything. She moved her nothing of ever the reporters" said the Colonel.
She refused to see the
It's all the hell-bent dark.
Perhaps late at night she might go out alone; as to this
~~hollo perhaps whom~~ or perhaps, ~~the wound~~
not. After all, Abel, the greatest thing in a woman's
life is —"
~~Here the door opened &~~ The door, in the back room
must have opened very silently for Maggie came in,
as her mother was speaking. The other little
girl hung behind.
"Hullo Maggie" said the Colonel,

that is
why)
am 38

think at

It was
raining
all day
yesterday.

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"Many happy returns of the day my dear!" He felt in the pocket of his coat for the necklace that was wrapped in ~~[illegible] pa~~ tissue paper.

~~Magg~~ Maggie came straight up to him, as he held out his hand. Her brown holland pinafore had been taken off. ~~She had~~ Her hair had been brushed, & she had been hastily dressed in a clean stiff ~~white~~ pink frock. Her uncle felt in his pocket & produced the necklace wrapped in tissue paper. She took ~~it &~~ ~~cut the neck~~ it ~~lace~~ & ~~held~~ it ~~for a moment~~ looking at it solemnly. Her mother instantly supplied the words she should have said:

She held the
necklace &
looked at it.
But she said
nothing

"But how lovely. Maggie — how ~~perfectly~~ lovely."

The Colonel had a moment of doubt. ~~It~~ The beads looked very blue & rather cheap. Moreover she was already wearing a ~~pale~~ necklace.

of pale pink beads

something pearl.

Eugénie however, at once put the blue beads round Maggie's neck. The little girl submitted to the exchange, but still said nothing. "But you haven't thanked Uncle Abel" her mother prompted her.

"Thank you Uncle Abel" said Maggie, rather correctly but ~~rather~~ ~~[illegible]~~ again the Colonel doubted for a moment. Then she turned round & looked at her sister. Elvira was smiling. She was ~~hesitating~~ ~~on the outskirts of the tea table~~, but peeping round a chair; & when they looked at her she hid herself again.

"Come, said her mother. Come & say how d'you do" She held out ~~a~~ her arm, partly to coax the little girl; but partly, Abel knew, to conceal her. He had often noticed the gesture before. It was as if she wished to conceal the fact that the little girl was, not a cripple by any means, but very slightly deformed. One shoulder was ~~it~~ rather higher than the other. There had been

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some accident when she was a baby. The hint even
of deformity in a child affected him painfully. He
always called her 'that poor little thing'. And yet it
seemed to make very little difference to her spirits.
She ~~had climbed up onto the sofa by her mother~~ &
deformity made her
She skipped up to him — her movements were always
abrupt & sidelong — & kissed him; then the two
little girls ran away into the back room.

"They are going to admire your lovely present"
said Eugenie. It was true that they seemed to
be looking at the necklace — Maggie had taken it
off. Eugenie returned to her tea cup. She
became again indolent & Southern. ~~A~~ She had not
"Tell me all your news" she said. She
seen him since July. She had been abroad. She
had taken the children to Italy in September.
They discussed the family for some time — Hugh &
Milly, Morris & Celia, ~~&~~ Edward & Clara.
She had only been able to manage two weeks in
Venice, but it had been well worth it. That
was why they were all so brown. ~~And now~~
Cephew they had had two weeks of burning
sunshine; in small rooms, ~~with a~~ of course,
just ~~heady~~, ~~men & the children; but~~
Digs

But what did that matter if you looked down into
the water. And she told him, ~~u~~ her week her
reach of words, her picking up of one thing on top of
another; how the light changed; how the
brick seemed transparent; how the islands seemed
floating in air, how they took their lunch
with them & sat on the Lido, how they had
not met a soul they knew — not a single
English except an old lady who made one
ashamed of one's countrywomen; & Digby

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spent the time in Scotland – with the Lammermoors – ~~these~~ shooting.

Now tell me about Hugh – Milly & ~~Ct~~ Celia – Morris, & Edward & . . ." she hesitated, having forgotten the name of Edward's wife. The Colonel felt a curious desire to heighten his own domestic dignity; to ~~make them harmonise~~ ~~from~~ bring them up to ~~the pitch~~ of his sister in law's pitch ~~more~~ romantic life. There she was in rooms with the children in Venice – paying it no doubt on twopence halfpenny a day; there was Digby the shooting with the peerage in Scotland. There was a dash about the Digbys always. He felt it directly he came into the room. It was all Eugenie's story – her invention no doubt. The ~~sometimes wondered how~~ ~~m~~ people said she romanced – in plain words, lied. But he had never caught her lying about anything that was mattered. It might be that Digby had not been staying with the Lammermoors at all. But did it matter? Her feelings, ~~her feeling~~ for Mrs Parnell for instance, were perfectly genuine. He ~~told her that~~ had no gift for lying himself. & He told her the chronicle – about Milly & Hugh, & Ed Morris – Celia. ~~And~~ the fact was his children were all engaged in founding families & bringing them up. ~~They were all taking shouldering~~ ~~their burdens.~~ They had no time for Need as anything romantic at the moment. he He talked, perhaps in self defence; he dwelt upon the success of Edward – ~~said to~~ be at Oxford – said to be in the running for a

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Eugenie's way —

[illegible]:

"It must be wonderful to know Greek like a scholar, ~~said~~ Eugenie interposed: ~~I always felt with grandpapa~~ You know Digby was one of the greatest scholars of his time: It remains with a man all

Before Abel could check her. Digby had been nothing out of the way ~~as a scholar.~~ nothing ~~at all~~ to compare with his own son Edward: ~~Elah of~~ Then Eugenie liked to idealise Digby, it was

What a family you are, she continued. Morris will be a Lord Chancellor before we can turn round.

There again Eugenie exaggerated.

And Delia? she continued. What news have you ~~of her~~? She will feel this — Mr Parnell's death will upset her terribly"

The Colonel always became irritable when Delia was mentioned. She was his favourite in many ways. And she had thrown herself away upon a man of Irish [illegible]. Eugenie was half Irish herself. He did not like to speak his mind plainly in her presence. For ten years the Irish had done nothing but obstruct the government. They were taking up time that should be spent on far more important things. In his opinion, there was bound to be trouble in South Africa. Gladstone in his opinion was nothing but an old madman. Something had gone wrong with Delia — he had always suspected some love affair at Oxford, with a man called Ashton. Anyhow, in the family chronicle, Delia was unsatisfactory.

"Perhaps ~~this~~ it will bring her to her senses"

he said sternly.

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There were wild peals of laughter from the garden. The
children had slipped ~~[illegible]~~ out of the drawingroom unnoticed.
"Oh those children!" Exclaimed ~~Lady Eug~~ Eugenie
starting up. She was glad to end the talk. So was he.
They went to the window.
He looked as he so often looked in the drawingroom at
Abercorn Terrace — as if he would find fault with
the first thing anyone said. Eugenie felt the change in
his temper immediately. He looked like an old
bull with his head down. In another moment she
would throw her cloak over him — her charm
would baffle his ill temper. But ~~the~~ peals
of wild laughter from the garden interrupted her.
"Oh those children!" she exclaimed. She rose &
went to the window, & the Colonel followed her.
The children were springing up & down with
joy. A very shabby old man, something like a
decayed groom to look at, had thrown
an ~~old packing case~~ on top of it. It was now
[illegible] &
a splendid fire
Ten years ago the Colonel would have jumped
over the fire. But he was too old to jump now —
he was sixty six. He stood watching it. The
he could
children had ruined their clean clothes
But those were black
not help observing. ~~But~~ There were
But they were not
smudges on the clean frocks.
to mind
his children. And Eugenie did not seem
leaning out of the
She was like a child herself,
that the
window, ~~hoping for more sticks~~
But
old man would throw more sticks.
he was not going to throw more sticks: he was
He was going to rake the fire together: ~~when~~
going to see that it burnt itself out.

bundles of dry twigs

when the flames died down
"

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But there was a sound behind them & they turned
to find that Digby had was there. He had returned
from the office. He was perhaps not altogether
pleased to find the window open & the room full
of smoke. Perhaps he was not altogether pleased
to find his brother there. ~~But it was difficult~~ to
~~say~~. He was very polite – more polite than was
necessary, with a wife & a brother; but then he
had all the air of having come from a sedate, a
formal world, a serious world of affairs,
dressed as he was in a frock coat, with the
top button unfastened, the other buttoned, so that he
had something ~~the air~~ weight of a pouter pigeon; ~~and~~ But
that his head, silver, so haired, ~~rather~~ curved, sat on top
& its rather curved nose, ~~gave him~~ the dignity of a bust.
of the frock coat with the stoop, tall, weather beaten &
Beside him, the Colonel looked tall,
heavy. When they stood side by side
exchanging their brief remarks about the news,
they looked a very fine pair of brothers. Eugenie
thought, when she joined them, having shut the
window. Her husband's presence had an odd
effect on her. Instead of sinking back into the
corner of the sofa, indolently, she put on the
airs of a lady who is entertaining a
very distinguished man, but slightly known to her, who
has done her the great honour of calling.
~~He would she say~~ She wheeled up a chair;
with a little push, made him sit down. Had
there been a rug handy she would
undoubtedly have put it round his knees as
~~Abel~~ Abel thought.
~~very tired so~~ How tired he looks! she exclaimed.
He has not had a day's holiday the whole summer.

& the
clean shaven

In fact he
reminded
him that he
was the
for the better off
of the two
as they stood.

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as the stroke, ~~abel~~ it appeared almost as other words were free. A ~~look~~ shade of exhaustion passed over Sir Digby's face. He brushed away a white thread that had stuck to his knee.

"It's been a long day" he said.

"Deputation after deputation. People waiting to see him in the corridor. ~~Surely it would be possible to give orders to~~ He never will let anybody do things for him. And after a long day's work in the office, ~~we dine out.~~ he works after dinner at home."

"We dine out tonight" said Sir Digby

"To meet the Wallaces." Eugenie added.

The Colonel had never heard of the Wallaces, but from the impressive way in which ~~he~~ Eugenie mentioned them, he supposed that they must be bigwigs, mandarins as he called them. He took it as a hint that he should go. He almost always went five or ten minutes after his brother returned. They had little to say to each other: & yet Sir Digby always ~~said~~, protested, when Abel said he must go; Abel always stayed another ten minutes; & they always summed up the political situation, & Sir Digby always gave the impression that he could not speak but was telling yet imperceptibly frankly, ~~being~~ Abel rather more than he would tell most people. Then when they were discussing Parnell, Sir Digby contrived to make his brother feel that he knew more than was in the paper. He gave him to understand that the death though sudden had not taken him, his circle by surprise. But abel He seemed almost as had been genuinely shocked

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of Digby had private knowledge that — But here the
children came in to say good night. They were sobered
down again & tidied, but both of their frocks were
crumpled & smudged where they had pressed the
sooty leaves of a London back-garden against them.
Sir Digby noticed it at once.

Why do you put on your best clothes to
play in the garden?" he said to Maggie rather
severely. She made no excuse, & no apology.
Her eyes seemed rivetted upon the camellia in
her mother's hand.

It's her birthday" her mother replied, for her.
who are made
Sir Digby was one of those people
uneasy by children. He

"That's a reason, I should have thought to er — to er —
reform one's habits" said Sir Digby.

"to er to er reform ones habits" Elvira repeated,
as if trying over the words
She spoke in a low voice, without any notion of their meaning.
her to herself. without any notion It made an
The Colonel laughed & rose. Eugenie laughed too,
opening for him to go.
but he saw her spread her arms out, as the child
came to her, as if to conceal her. Sir Digby
seemed to have the same slight feeling of
repulsion at the sight of her crooked shoulder
that Abel felt. Or perhaps he was very
slightly annoyed by the usual exhibition,
colourless as it was. He did not call
Maggie to him, & kiss her ceremoniously good
night. ~~She~~ But he only patted Elvira on
the head as she passed him.

But Abel you needn't go yet" said
Eugenie, as he rose to follow them. She genuinely
wished, he flattered himself, to keep him.

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April 3rd

Part Two.

Elvira Pargiter lay in bed in her room at the top
of the house in Browne Street with the window open, for it
was a hot summer's night. Her stillness was
extraordinary. But stillness was a necessary part of the
game, ~~of it was a game,~~ of of being, not a girl of 17,
but the fig tree in the garden in the middle of the plot.
It stood still. That was true. But '~~figures to journals~~' she
~~said, that~~ it is forever rising like a fountain, into
~~the air~~ ~~that stillness was, winter stillness~~ Under its bark,
in the ~~apparently~~ ironbound wood, there must also be
wintry stirrings before ~~which, she began~~ to &
as a little ~~sobs~~ gumming.
& the sun, at last, makes this ~~sta~~ seen; & then there is
which, ~~after~~ about March, comes liquid; & then, at the
these forks come. These little leaves come; & something
white, fibrous; veined; the root of things that is flaked
like a knob, with brown petals, sticky: In each is a
whole leaf; Behold — now it shakes! It rises. all Each gets
branches together. And it shakes circles over the garden.
flecks of shade. She pulled herself up to look out of the
window at the tree. Although it was the end of June,
the tree was shadowed by the houses opposite. She had
imagined it pale green; it was black
She lit ~~her~~ the candle by her bedside. It was
a quarter past twelve. On the table ~~stood a great~~
there was a litter of books; one open, full of ~~?~~
pencil marks.

She wrote the date. 25th June, 1902.

And added At this moment of writing Maggie to come in from the
~~When I am waiting alone, for~~ like a flood of
party. The tree in the garden is black water. ~~I am~~
silver fish passing through ~~waiting for Maggie to come home~~. She looked at the
time. It was 20 past midnight. She added the
~~date~~ how to her observation. took her candle. Twenty minutes
beside her, she lay back again.

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past twelve on the 26th of ~~July~~: June: here she was; exactly 20, in bed,
lying alone; But ~~what about somebody~~ she thought
of exact as she could make it, had something stabbing & yet
terrifying. Here she was: a body, with legs in it, & hands.
Lapping she sat up. noted everything in the room: as if it were
necessary to authenticate the moment with the greatest
precision.
"Now she wrote.. The candle is casting a little quiver over the
ceiling. There is nothing. She drew made a little square
picture in pencil of the room.
at the same time, she added, under her drawing, nothing
This is perfectly exactly true to the best of my belief.
She felt that she had made a mark, which in years to come
she would still find there: that she had asserted once &
for all the fact of her existence. Everything became extremely
close, & solemn. She could hear a ~~thousand~~ things
very slight sounds that had been inaudible. It was a
extremely exciting. Her cheeks flushed. And yet owing to the
slight hump that showed itself under her night gown
she would never look very young. Her face, ~~never~~
had that curious twist, which makes the face of
cripples seem to ripple slightly. She would never be
The long hands, [illegible] hanging too far from the sleeve, ~~would~~

un-
deformed

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Part Two.

Elvira Pargiter lay in bed in her room at the
top of the house in Browne Street with the window open
& the curtains drawn for it was a hot night late in
June. She lay too still, too stretched to be asleep.
arms were raised above her head, with the fingers
~~And~~ & her hands ~~held up~~ so that the ~~finger tips~~
touching, ~~she was representing to in her own person~~,
as ~~if she were playing a game~~ as if, ~~thinking~~
lying there in the semi-darkness she were thinking about
something so intently that unconsciously she imitated it.
She was imitating the tree which stood in) the feet
middle of the grass plot in the garden. ~~Suppose her body~~
~~went down into the earth~~; were very deep down in the
Earth; yet the earth was infinitely deeper beneath
them: here, where the pillows came, ~~she~~ the tree
rose up into the
was exposed to the air: & there her hands — the
agitated them — were the branches. ~~Do~~ Under
winter
the bark, in the iron bound ~~wood~~ whose stillness
she appreciated, there ~~must be~~ is something, gleaming,
glistening, which ~~with the~~ now that ~~the~~ spring
had come, It was ~~summer~~ early spring:
little brown petalled viscous knobs had burst; &
out fluttered, ~~like the~~ creased & contracted like the green
claws of birds ~~with green roots~~ those little
leaves which were suddenly shook themselves free &
became ~~thin~~ ~~ca~~ broad, green, ~~leaves~~ & they were spattering rippling up the
the grass plot with soft shadows: hauled heavily
wall. She ~~hauled heavily up~~ She was
up in bed to verify the picture. She was It stood
wrong. The tree was there, but since it stood
in shadow the leaves, save for a ~~glistening funeral~~
glistening here & there were ~~black.~~
completely black. It was after midnight; the

at the top
of which
hung ultra
heavy buds.
The sky between
the:

webbed

with
many
shades.

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the garden. Shapely cut out by the line of the wall, was obscure:
& all hardness ~~had gone from~~ ~~& the~~ had gone from
the grass plot; [illegible] the free night having been made of shadow.
~~She lit the candle by the bedside~~ after looking for a
time, she lit the candle by ~~her bedside, & saw that it~~ ~~was~~
~~twenty minutes past twelve~~. ~~& so~~ which was
raised on a heap of books by her bed side. ~~I looked~~
~~at the watch~~. It was twenty minutes past twelve. by the watch.
Among Open them ~~among on the table~~ was a copy book; the page: full ~~copy book~~
~~the page half full of~~ open on the table. She ~~wrote~~, on
full written across with pencilled lines.
drew a line, as if she were thinking apart, makes a new start & wrote
under the twenty minutes past twelve. on the 25th June 1931

“25th June 1931; ~~It is~~ twenty minutes ~~sitting up in bed writing~~.
I am at this moment ~~sitting up in bed writing~~
~~The tree is black.~~” She looked up. “~~The~~ I am ~~She looks~~ ~~There are~~
~~sitting~~ sitting up in my room, writing. There are
My stockings have fallen onto the floor.
Four books, on the table beside me; also my ~~four books~~. ~~the newspaper~~
watch; ~~also the~~ ~~there are~~ also two chairs: & a
~~each statement~~ - This is the present moment. It was
a ~~[illegible]~~ then she thought that one might establish the moment:
She was still ~~engaged in~~ looking about the room,
& observing the chairs, the table, the looking glass, the
washstand for her list of objects, when ~~from outside~~
the sound of a ~~waltz~~ waltz music sounded, far
off, from the back garden; but not so far but that
the ~~tap~~ taps of the bows on the violins could be distinctly heard
she stopped writing, as if the music made it
impossible to continue the catalogue & looked up. The music
sound came from the house whose opposite.
~~A row of houses stood~~ There ~~was a~~ ran a row of houses
at the back, separated by garden walls. One of them
was brilliantly lit. Every room was lit. And
as all the windows were open, the sound of
dance music came distinctly across the gardens.

Do out of the window for a

Take in

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It was impossible to continue the bald catalogue of chair-table & with the music waltz sounding. Under its influence the moment was no longer ~~the present moment.~~ ~~as perhaps, it was, a~~ ~~it was~~ the ~~present moment~~; no longer to be penned down satisfactorily by cataloguing Chairs & tables: ~~it was~~ It was full of ~~in~~ ~~sadness~~. Joy, of ~~melancholy,~~ other emotions: pleasure, yes: sadness; yes: & what else? She leant her elbow on the window sill that ran along her bed, & ~~observed~~ the looked at the house in which the dance was being given. The windows at the back were wide open. & she could see couples revolving past; in the [illegible] ~~but the gentlemen~~ she but also, from where she lay, she could see a section of the stairs, & ~~a~~ the flat roof ~~which had~~ & a room which had been built out over the garden. The guests were not all dancing, even while the music went on. Some were sitting on the stairs: others had come out on to the flat roof, which was outlined with little ~~light~~ coloured glass lamps. Across the garden came the faraway sound of voices, generalised, so that ~~she could n hear~~ it seemed as if Everybody was now talking at once, or laughing at once. ~~There were sep~~ ~~Couples had separated themselves~~ off; but it was too far to hear even the murmur ~~from one~~ of what ~~one person~~ said to another. ~~As couple,~~ Elvira could see, was sitting apart, at the edge of the roof. She could see the flow of the woman's white dress. When the music stopped, a ~~great~~ many more people came out, on to the stairs, & on to the roof. The ~~tune~~ was cut up ~~into quite into regular~~ ~~regularly into bursts~~ of music & ~~bursts of talk~~. Music alternated with talk quite regularly. When again the music stopped, Elvira added ~~again but~~ hunched herself against the wall at the back & ~~tried to continue: write: but the~~ tried to go on with her ~~account of the~~ her attempt to record what was happening. But it

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was too difficult. ~~They~~ Nobody stayed in the same one place long enough. No sooner had she ~~described the couple~~ said that there were now two people sitting alone on the roof, that the music began again, & they were gone.

She slipped down on to her pillows by degrees, ~~lying~~ so that she could still see the backs of the houses. Nobody could ~~sleep with all this going on. She~~ read, nobody could write, nobody could do anything with ~~all~~ this going on. Her father & mother & ~~Maggie~~ her sister Magdalena were all out at a party. She began again pretending ~~that~~ ~~to be something~~ that she was not really but — something remote, unconcerned; with this sleep: ~~for instance~~, ~~some~~ the moon was riding high ~~the moon was coming out~~ over the houses. ~~wiser~~ Up Cleft into ~~little~~ steep valleys, sparkling on pines tops ~~there were~~ Grass there was all white. And nothing lived there but the two nightingales who sang to each other, night after night; further ~~apart~~, calling & answering, ~~further~~ nearer. further their voices came ~~in~~ brokenly, hesitatingly: but answering, rightly, in time. There must be pauses. Then replies. The mountains separated them. But ~~the question was of course, what were~~ at what intervals?

Another waltz crashed out from the house at the back. That was entirely wrong. With all the irascibility which so often goes with deformity Elvira seized her pillow & beat it on the bed. The repetition of the machine waltz, the sense of its mechanical accuracy, its machine like precisely, enraged her. The vague romance of the same vague melancholy the vague romance of the other scene, that were gone. So too was ~~her~~ this. Nothing had been so exciting — this is now happening. Nothing was happening, except that some people called Millington or Peddington or . were giving a party in Pelham Lane. were making night

a slice only of the outside Sleep was wound

& it was usually 2 or 3 before Maggie came in to say good night,

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intolerable polygamous wretches two thousand miles off.

~~Ah~~ Oh if I could freeze the word ~~into~~ ice & wear it next
my heart! she cried ~~said; thinking the word~~ · addressing the
distorted as the words were, mangled from something she had
The
read, they gave her, ~~just~~ as an imprecation gives the woman
who utters it, ~~some victor~~ she made her feel that
a sense of power over the nurses, over the children, over the
disturbers of her night. She turned rapidly over again;
the book fell; the milk fell; she stooped, & picked
them up; wiping them: She spread them on her bed to dry.
One was Wives & Daughters by Mrs Gaskell; one was
Timon of Athens; one was afloat in the Pacific; –
one was ~~so~~ in half bound morocco: a translation
of Sophocles by Edward Pargiter, Fellow of Katharine's
Oxford; – It was dreadful to have upset the
milk over one of the very few bound books that she
possessed. ~~She~~ He had written her name in it;
& the date; & a line of poetry
pauses & refrain: she listened to the pauses;

But suddenly the waltz music crashed out
again: the ~~fiddlers tacked their bows down~~. Elvira
started up in bed, with the ~~sudden~~ irascibility
which ~~was might have some connection with~~,
born perhaps of her deformity; & dashed her pillow down.
The milk rolled over the books. The ~~trumpets~~
mechanical repetition of the tune made her furious
& completely destroyed ~~her vision~~ the other tune,
with its pauses & refrain: She flung ~~her pillow down~~
or she made a sharp jerk ~~of her~~ ~~with~~ of
her arm – flinging the hand out, with annoyance; –
& knocked over the milk that stood on the table
by her bed. A white stream fell over the four books.
She had mopped it up with a towel, but the

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June 1st
1933

Chapter One.

"Half of 'em had red hair; & the other half ~~had~~ brown hair" said Elvira Pargiter.
"Eleanor; Morris; ~~Delia~~, ~~Milly~~, Milly, brown:
Delia; ~~Edward~~; Bobby, Rose; Red. Edward
was betwixt & between": said Magdalena.
And they lived in Abercorn Terrace some
where off the Bayswater Road. This is
now the 16th March 1880; & the Pargiters are at
tea.

They ~~all together ate tea. The kettle did~~
And the ~~kettle did boil~~;
Then Milly took a hairpin from her head.

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2nd June
1933

A copy book was open on the table — a cheap little book
with a mottled cover. She ruled a line, as if she were
cutting off a space, or making a barrier. & wrote
“It is now twenty two minutes past twelve” she wrote;
~~on the 25th June 1901~~.” Then she looked round
the room, as if ~~seeking~~ to note down what
~~articles of furniture~~ the room contained, ~~now~~ at
taking
this present moment. There was a table, two chairs;
On one of the chairs she had thrown down her clothes,
& ~~they~~ a stocking dangled with its foot on the
floor. And there were some books & a wash stand;
Eye; ~~& the curtain swung out~~ because the window
was open. And on the mantelpiece opposite the
bed there was a bowl of peonies, ~~one of~~ from
one of which even as she watched it fell
a single red petal. ~~And then everything was~~
~~perfectly still.~~ It is the 21th of June 1901
she added; writing steadily quickly, as if
~~even while she wrote down~~ she must write
~~down the fact~~ as if this moment were
were a slumbering wild beast which, if it knew ~~which~~ it
that it were being watched, might rise & prowl.
~~without a[illegible]~~! sudden burst of dance
~~And then~~ ~~then~~ There was ~~such~~ but ~~laid~~ her pencil in the
~~dance [illegible]~~, music. She ~~stopped~~ her bed
thrust aside the curtain, for her bed was so close to the window that she could
~~draw the curtain~~
had only to sit up in bed, & was
to be almost in the open air.
~~trying to see~~ where the music came from.
~~where the music was lit up.~~
One of the houses ~~at the back was~~ across the ~~square~~
~~of whose back, made a row~~ ~~Every room was lit up at the~~
gardens was lit up. All the rooms were lit up; ~~even~~
~~back, even~~
people could be seen whirling slowly across the
blinds; &, on a flat roof, ~~[illegible]~~ spotted
with little blue lights, dresses, coats could be seen:

detached itself
& fell, slowly, but
with an
extraordinary
air of
deliberation,
to the
grass.

She stopped
instantly
& laid
down
the
copy book.

long strides of
[illegible]
the shadows of
dancing bodies

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as if they were freed liberated

holding the curtain with

New

pale mounds could be seen – women sitting out; men
beside them. The guests were not all dancing. Even
while the music went on. ~~And the~~ Some of them were
sitting out & talking in the semi darkness – And then
the music ~~stop~~ broke; something seemed smashed;
people poured out on to the roof; & a ~~generation~~
sound, of laughter of talk, came across the
gardens, in too generalised too far away to hear even a single
~~words~~

Elvira lay back on her pillows & again
raised her ~~long~~ fingers so as to in a bent shape over her
eyes. ~~Even lying down, there was something~~
There was something stark & angular in her
position which, even ~~which~~ when she was lying
down hinted at some slight deformity. The
body seemed to find a ridge in the bed & to
crouch there; & the face, was riffled with
the little twist which deformity seems to
bring with it. She would never look
pretty: she would never look very young. Her
wrists stretched out too far beyond the
night gown. The curtain ~~was~~ gaped open of the
~~She had left~~ through the open window a long slice
& ~~through~~ could be seen.
garden, the hedge & the sky Then dance across the
this dance, Elvira knew. Then dance across the
back garden, might go on till three a som-
~~First~~ there would be talk. Then there would be
music; then talk. Then music; just as if
something had been wound up – some strange
mechanical contrivance – something remote,
brave, terrible, & full of sadness, & [illegible]
& a kind of splendour – of that is to say, ~~ego~~
one took into account the complete
indifference of ~~the~~, for example, that gravy
stealthy cat there, which went gliding along

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~~with its~~
shooting up
fancy ~~dawn~~,
black
shapes:

the edge of the wall, drawn it seemed on some extraordinary
nocturnal completely errand: & then there was the tree; & then
the ~~houses that were lit up; & then~~ the
house with the purple [illegible]: & then, ~~after all~~,
the sky. From where she lay, she could see ~~x~~
the moon, making the clouds look as if they
raced, actually perfectly still: fretted ~~with the most~~
~~delicate~~ engraved with delicate shadows.
There the grass was white. There plume like trees
pencilled on pinnacles of ice. Nothing lived
there but the two nightingales, who sang to
to each other calling, answering, nearer, further;
repeat after [illegible]. Then were pauses: & then
replies. But at what intervals?
~~Then at~~ some the band struck up again
And so ~~it~~ would go on again till two or
three in ~~the~~ morning – then & they broke china in
great quantities so it seemed, at dances. And
~~Then~~ he said to her & she said to him —
Elvira could see ~~the~~ a pale dress & a ~~lit~~.
white shirt in the back garden — what?
what could people say, she wondered, in such
extraordinary circumstances! What words could
be beautiful enough, passionate ~~possible~~ enough! It must
be ~~something about~~ For they were doomed.
They had only this moment's respite. under the moon's eye,
with the indifferent cat & the tree: A
~~like a black~~
jabber came across the garden. a blur of human sound,
~~as sheep penned together~~
undifferentiated, crude, expressing it might be
to her meaningless: joy, or ~~it might~~ be terror. & some

She

wandering out into
the back
garden

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The

The music ~~scratched~~ ~~sprang~~ crashed again; coarsely
rhythmical, emphatic. Elvira ~~flung herself back~~
~~on~~ dropped back on her bed & raised her hands
tent shaped across her forehead. ~~Drawn up in~~
~~exasperation~~ Her upper lip drawn up as if in
exasperation ~~over her~~ gave her face a rather ~~the look~~
of ~~something~~ snarling, look: as the look of an
animal which is about to bite or kick
~~Indeed it would go on like this~~; like a machine
wound up, wd. at intervals, all night long.
interrupting, brutalising. forcing her to listen.
Again it stopped: again the laughter the voices
came across the garden; again she
tried ~~to hear one single sentence spoken completely~~;
all the voices spoke together in a babble in an
uproar, excited, wordless; with a high note
here & there, as if the sound had
surpassed itself, leapt high, ~~& got~~ with the
intensity got meaning — & yet. even so,
nothing had reached her that was intelligible
again, looking out of the window, she saw the
white dress wandering away; with something black
beside it.

She tried to fit words to the inarticulate
sounds. But what could be beautiful enough,
passionate enough, she thought. What did a
a man say, a woman say? out there, when they
wandered off; saying finding it impossible to
stay any longer there, in the house: perhaps
they must put off
finding agreeing that there they must have
the be in the dark; For they had nothing they
agreed that they at any rate crowded room?
nothing to say. ask the dance passionate, very
It must be something very would be a
beautiful. Perhaps there kind of
flower; a haha. stooping in a

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embarrassment, afraid of the answer that she had to
make. The lady would see something shining in the
grass: perhaps it might be nothing but one of those
drops which form on the hairy stalks of some flowers:
but she would cry stooping down, Look!
And then what?

~~It was only~~ If ~~only~~ Maggie would Know. If she would come
~~come in, she could ask her.~~
in — On the other hand she might not come in.
Mama & Papa, putting down their gloves, & a fan,
very gently on the hall table, ~~might~~ might ~~they~~ be
yawn: then Papa would put his hand to his tie:
would say, It had been nice, agreeable: rather
crowded; something perfunctory & cool & elderly:
& Mama would say, No no no. If she isnt
asleep she ought to be. Dont wake her. The
whiskeys in there. The soda water? — Well I'm
sorry, Digby: if theres no soda water, theres none.
And so to bed, trailing up the stairs; Papa ~~The man was~~
~~with his really looking stars:~~

& Maggie would stop at her room; in Elvira
which case, one might drop a book with the poker.
thought., & rap gently, for example
Meanwhile, about ~~those people in the garden.~~
She had picked up this letter being broken & she said...
flap; for so it turned out to her; & she had heard the
the Subvert, ~~in case~~ thinking that she had upon a
half door shut. She laid her hand as she imagined,
back, to her candy, of Maggie as But there was
went to bed without coming up. ~~And the book~~ —
no sound: nothing in their house. only in the garden.
~~what was it?~~
When A ~~he came Edward~~, the man who was a
Don appeared gave her this book — she held it ready
he spoke to her, & Elvira said he left alone.

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when they
walked
about a
garden

It was exasperating — for one thing not to know
hear any distinct word, but ~~only this murmur, this~~ a general
clamour; & then the waiting. Her father & mother &
Magdalena were all at a party. If Maggie
came in, then she would ask her what kind of
thing people said. But then Maggie might
not come in — it might be too late. She listened.
She thought she heard sounds of people moving in the
house.

Elvira picked up a book because if Maggie
went to her bedroom beneath, then she would
drop the book, as a signal. But ~~as~~ there was
no sound; ~~of people coming~~ in, she opened the
book & read her own name on the title page,
Elvira Pargiter from her cousin Edward; &
turned the leaves, & thought — she opened it
Everything was quiet. This book was the Antigone of
Sophocles ~~given her by Edward Pargiter~~ translated into
~~who had~~ trans~~lated it~~ ~~Because~~
rhyming verse by Edward Pargiter.
She was a humpback, she reflected, ~~people~~
~~always gave her books. he~~ gave her an books —
~~became obviously~~ he gave her a book, taking it
from his shelf in his room, that day when
they ~~went~~ went to Oxford: & Papa marched
up an aisle with a lot of other old men, &
& ~~they had hoods but~~ had Latin read over him.
The Pargiters were always having Latin read over
them. Racing across the courtyards in like the
flocks went lots of pink & white dresses.
remembered. You went through shafts of
organ music, shafts of sunlight, into cold
hollow ~~cave~~ like places where Edward,
had pointed, at this, at that — This is

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this, this is that, he had said. Sitting on the steps behind she had looked
at the group ~~& she had thought that~~ if she had a
~~note book she wanted~~ looking up, & had thought something — or
something ~~she had~~ now partially forgotten, unless
— or had she written down a long book? —
about groups; ~~the absurdity of the~~ situation had
~~to~~ all of them looking obediently at ~~an~~ an old wall-
had suddenly struck her as inconceivably
strange & awful & ridiculous: as if there was a
magic ring: inside one believed: outside one
did not believe: & ~~so she~~ she was caught
~~laughing: it~~ by Edward, who thought she felt
out of it: ~~He~~ And so, after strawberries & cream,
~~in her rooms~~, he had ~~taken down~~ the ~~Antigone~~ by
of Sophocles ~~done into shapely verse by~~
~~Edward Pargiter~~. ~~asked her, about~~ books:
& she ~~had thought~~, he had given her when
~~Marcia was~~ as they were leaving, he had
said allow me, ~~as~~ with one of those
terrible little dried up unfortunate places
people like Edward are when, after ~~years~~ of
being dried up, being old fogies, suddenly
a gust of sentimentality possesses them:
~~& then~~ vainly struggles with them — ~~they~~
~~suffer terribly but after all, if you insist upon~~
besides, I am his cousin: we descend from the
man who should have been a bishop;
so they say: all of which, coming to his mind
& then he thinks "Poor girl — she's cut off
from other things." he gets out his book. &
says what may be true or may not be, ~~he~~? This is how
~~how he would like to~~. ~~Poor man~~!
wasted ~~his~~ my youth.

She opened her cousin's translation

How odd, how ridiculous,

She's cut off from ordinary people

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How had Edward wasted his youth? she wondered.
Putting a Greek play into English rhymed verse —
~~that was certainly an odd thing to do.~~ ~~And~~
acquiring lots of odd little tricks — For example
she ~~imitated him~~ repeated his words "That was
how it " He reminded her of some shelly
angular hard backed crab or lobster which
advances from ledge to ledge drawing up a claw,
waving long bitter feelers: ~~And the lobster~~
verses And then the lobster picks up his pen on a
summer evening. — It had been summer, when they
went to Oxford: "He takes up his pen, she
continued: ~~there is perfect silence outside~~:
the old woman — they had passed one on the stairs,
the ~~goes off home~~ wanders swaying across the
court: there might be a splash: there might be a
fountain — she could not remember:
anyhow, Edward ~~wrote~~ — taking up his pen —
opposite there might be a form a cap. hanging on a
hook — ~~wrote this sort of thing.~~
~~translated the Antigone of Sophocles~~ reading aloud
wrote — she burst out laughing O eyes of my youth in.
her ~~Cousins translation~~;
· For nobody
~~The same~~ — It was a game of some: but here she was —
it was now ten past one — marooned alone,
on a desert island: so she would tell herself
the story of Edward translating Sophocles,
~~had Sopho~~ with complete freedom. First the
island; It was a blazing hot day. The
sand sparkled silver in the heat. The
unburied body of a murdered man,
like a fallen tree trunk, like a statue — one
foot in the air: The ~~eagles~~ are ~~gathering~~
The vultures are gathering. Down they
flop on the silver sand, with a little
lurch a lot; top heavy birds, they right themselves
on landing: & waddle, they flop & the naked

some sort of
white
efflorescence

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& a thread of
psalm
[illegible]

throat growing, to wash the lumps there, the
stark tree that he then perch. And then ~~[illegible]~~ from a
cloud comes whirling white dust in her hand & her
eyes glazed, Antigone,
that was almost certainly a noise in the hall
below. Yes? No.
And the vultures taking two or three letters
hops in the sand, ~~whirl off~~. after which they
seize her from behind, bind her wrists in thongs &
lead her ~~[illegible]~~ to the estimable count of the
highly respected ruler,

reel
tipsily &
fly [illegible]

Elvira ~~[illegible]~~ laughed again: "The estimable
count of the highly respected ruler" was ~~Edward did say~~. a parody.
~~just the sort of thing Edward~~ sitting in ~~his room~~
of Edward: of Edward sitting in
his low basket chair with a pad on his knee; &
when it grew dark a shaded lamp; &
a number of little cards on his mantelpiece,
invitations, engagements; notices which —
she had read them — met at 2.30 in
lecture room ~~3a~~ 29.
Whereupon Creon said what decree is law.
~~Law must be obeyed~~.
And nobody speaks, but a bluebottle
goes buzzing through the hall.
And the law must be obeyed.
Take this woman away & bury her alive
~~Elvira~~ what did the moon look like now, at
this moment. For, when they took Antigone &
walled her up in the tomb, it was moon
moonlight. The moon shone out over the
home where the Dana was being given.

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meant
It was a moonlight night. Elvira determined, when
they buried her. ~~In the~~ The blades ~~like~~ of the
silver hand plant — aloe, cactus, whatever
it might be, were sharp, ~~were~~ & silver. ~~Three little~~
~~sharp darts~~ The man in the loin cloth. Jan, 3 sharp little
sticking her in. And all over the hill side.
~~there~~ was all white with moonlight, ~~all~~ tufts of
rayed, shaven, hoary — what was the ~~word~~ for
moonlight on a sandy hillside? She
looked ~~through~~ out again at the moon that
showed at the top of the narrow slice of
window. It was a polished & brilliant
moon, but the light fell of course,
not on a bare sandy hill, but on
roofs, on pinched grimy back gardens. ~~It was~~ tinged &
confused by glass, trees, & ~~the lamplight~~
artificial light
~~And Antigone, now walked up,~~
~~head walk saw~~

The door had opened while Elvira
was looking at the moon. Her sister had come in.
She stood there in her evening dress. She had
~~kept her promise of coming in.~~
Elvira was startled for a moment,
~~seeing her standing there,~~ & then burst out;
She wanted to be told instantly all in one
word, if possible, about the party. It was
only four or five hours since Maggie had gone:
but how much must have happened. First
the arrival & the strip of carpet; & the door
opening & the going in, following papa & mama
& the people standing about in the
anteroom. And then dinner announced. And then
Maggie takes somebodys arm. On her right is
one man — on her left another
"Well?" she demanded.

Coated the grass
hoary
with
moonlight

without her
hearing.

NYPL

took it over" said Maggie grumblingly. As if to
signalise the fact she untied the flowers she was
wearing: Limp, faded, they lay on her knee.
Anyhow, Elvira thought, she had got that right — the
~~damp dilapidated~~ flowers. But although she
suspected, from the look of her sister, that the rest of her
story — ~~the~~ red carpets, diamonds, ~~gentlemen~~
~~potentates saying~~ wonderful sayings — was wrong,
she could not ~~keep silent~~: she must ask.
What had happened?
"Nothing ~~at~~ in particular ~~of the least extent~~" said Maggie.
She had slid down on to ~~her sister's~~ bed &
Elvira contrasted her —
In many ways ~~she lay in bed; perfectly comfortable~~,
being a hump back, Elvira she never went to parties:
then she made up something ~~impossible~~:
something that had no relation to ~~her own~~
~~feelings~~ what had actually happened;
~~Well~~ but you went upstairs? you went into
the drawing room? ~~Aunt C~~ Lady B. P.
Elvira began.
Yes: Maggie. And we went down to dinner: &
I sat between —
Either she had forgotten their names, or
she was not attending to what she was
saying — she was looking out of the window.
~~Two~~ she stopped
Between? her sister prompted her.
Oh somebody something: & the other man
French. ~~Nothing~~
name was — ~~I don't know,~~ I don't remember what
~~Anyhow, she concluded~~ ~~Anyhow it's over.~~
his name was.
It was a case, Elvira felt, ~~sitting hearing~~
hanky panky up, so that she looked like Dr

were sitting there
looking at her
sister.

but she lay

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bird, some dishevelled bird, whose young insufficiently
feathered, that would need not their wild, their silly, their
rather exasperated questions: but a much subtler
method; just as an explorer, if he sees a lump in the sand,
makes first a deep trench all the way round it: &
then slowly digs & digs & digs
Oh, it was dull, then," she said in ~~[illegible]~~ way,
Sargents pictures, everything. I mean, ~~not~~ even the
procession down the staircase, with all the trains
& the women-dress: —
But, ~~Hunch~~, said Maggie, observing ~~with intense~~
how crooked her sister was — crooked not only in
her back, but everywhere, slightly, as if she had been
blown upon, made one sided — ~~parties are at~~ —
one ~~cant sit down, & look. one cant~~ one
doesnt sit down at a party; & look.
"~~why not?~~ ~~They come~~ One has to pretend —
Thats why you're so lucky — ~~you say yes &~~
a humpback — you say   with one has to
pretend
You mean, ~~the~~ old lady
one doesnt simply sit on the stairs & look.
You have to answer — ~~you have to say~~ they ask you,
Old ~~They say~~ ~~"Have you~~
Have you been to see Ellen Terry —
And you say? "No!"
And then — Oh then, have you seen ...
some book or other. And I said to him
yes. For one cant go on saying no always.
And then he says! And you say.
Oh how lovely the roses are.
Fray, but it rather uncomfortable, dressing
like that. The old butler was going onto
Caws, I suppose: A   Well he said,
And he said.

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One gets used to it: ~~a[illegible]~~, one likes power.

~~By~~ ~~that~~
She said it just bending a little to the right;
because they were handing the fish? ~~perhaps~~ ?
No: he said it leaning back in his chair,
looking rather red.
~~And fat~~? He ~~moved~~ rested his hands on the
table, one on either side of the plate for a
moment.? Power, Miss Pargiter he said. ~~Just~~
~~just in one word~~. like that. And
Every part of him that was visible was
thick ~~with~~ gold lace: so ~~D'you know what~~
when they come home, uniforms like that are
put in ~~shallow~~ tin boxes, with lots of
tissue paper. The footman says —
he was the prime Minister was he — your butler?
~~I mean~~ Maggie the man who sat next you in
gold lace,

He was very large & rather red. He looked like —
well, some sort of ~~large thing~~ beetle.
It was ~~in a~~ a way rather fine: not too much
light; so that the room seemed very
He said "I like power".
~~And then, he looked across the room~~,
Then he talked to the woman on his other side.
But that Elvira thought, meant that the
man on Maggie's other side
He talked to the woman on the other side. she said
That meant, Elvira concluded. That
the other man, the man on Maggie's left,
said something. ~~went~~ ~~began talking~~ again:
said — well, since, according to Maggie he had
talked of books & roses, he had probably said

After that he
suddenly ate,
sweeping the
fish round his
plate, very
fast.
[illegible]
Maggie
[illegible] the
[illegible]

NYPL

Has the toady
the man in
Maggie's life.

something which might be rounded ordinary
meant. So she suddenly decided changing the scene,
or rather taking a look at the whole table,
& ~~seeing the~~ she turned ~~also~~ to the the lady next him —
not Maggie — & ~~told her that~~ talking with great
address & charm, but stooping a little, & in a pleasantly —
he told her ~~how wonderfully beautiful~~ that she must read —
whatever the book might be. ~~Then~~ she rated the
~~derision~~ of the fair haired youth; a soldier;
Might be silly — but at every party there has to be —
toady the lord lady: Ever since the eighteenth
century there's always been a toady —
But such details would wait. ~~And then~~
~~The scene~~ She wanted ~~Maggie to~~ the dinner party
to come to an end. ~~She~~ She wanted Maggie
to find ~~herself~~ alone in the garden: ~~with~~ a
~~young~~ She wanted a man to come out:
to go upstairs into the drawing room, & then
to go out into the garden, where she would be
joined by a solitary man. who would say.
A few more facts — But ~~to extract them~~
~~the wen~~ But to extract them, skill was needed;
a kind of gliding surreptitious stealthiness —
craft. & ~~the~~ ~~daring~~ daring; & even, sometimes:
brutality were needed for very often, as on this occasion,
Maggie ~~didn't~~ was so dazed; so ~~as it were~~
blended; her feathers all about her & her
eyes all dark, whiter like a bird. who has
hopping into the drawing room all as this
garden: that ~~for~~ what she did ~~when she came home was simply to say~~ said
nothing

In fact. sitting on the end of the bed,
in the half lit room, ~~she noticed~~ she was

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~~word~~
Maggie ~~could not think why~~
was thinking that ~~somebody differed very much~~:
~~Hunch, as she called her, always~~ it was queer:
Hunch, as she called her — for ~~it~~ it was a joke,
hopping about like a bird, one shoulder higher than
another; getting out & wetting in consequence;
lying in bed, perfectly happy instead of going
to parties: ~~she~~, ~~ever since~~ she could remember,
Hunch made people say talk; Hunch w[as]
~~loved talk: she had~~
~~needed me talk~~: Hunch
chattered hotly: How did he say it? Why did he
say it. Had he got both his hands on the table
or only one? If so which one? If you let her,
She would chatter away by the hour.
What would it matter what the old man
at dinner had said. ~~But~~ And yet, she
always It was a kind of game —
an amazing game now, then; ~~For~~
~~of the chair~~ to tell Elvira things that
could not possibly have happened:
& to see her investigating —

~~People~~
How much
[illegible].
she
[illegible]?
An elephant?

There was an elephant in the
drawingroom after dinner" she said, sadly.
A pet. It had gold tips on its tusks
"And putting its feet down firmly
it walked slowly round & round the
hearthrug." ~~Elvira continued the story.~~
~~Yes~~, & For one moment, for the flicker eye
vision, Elvira seemed to adjust her
imaginary picture to include the
elephant: & then
~~But then~~ she knew herself defeated.
Have ~~it your own way~~, she said

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If you choose, Mum, Maggie:
~~all right then; then~~
If the silence of the night descended upon what
might have been a fertile & flowery champaign,
if Maggie preferred to freeze every little reed in glass —
if she had. It was true — that a girl of
~~twenty robed in white, could simply~~ by throwing
nothing happened at the party except just those two
things, it was better what might be a fact, &
thus interesting in its way —
It was dull. I accept the fact.
~~But one moment, Maggie, she said.~~
~~It was~~ Maggie was of some weaker her repeti-
~~If a thing is silly,~~ ~~she always~~
only there was one fact she must verify:
~~He was really dressed in gold lace? she asked.~~
that the man who had said that about
power was dressed in gold lace?
"~~Yes certainly" said~~ Maggie:
was that was confirmed.
with this last Elvira like a
person who now is resolved to be content
with their winnings, even though it is
difficult to tear oneself away from a
game in which a single lucky throw
may result in huge winnings.
~~We have~~ the two facts before us are is now Maggie.
That this is the 26th of June: that
in one single month everything will be over:
so that to take up an attitude of
utter pessimism — to say, hopes
simply a tangle of cabbages & beans, but
though what I see nothing — nothing but
whatever disguised, stale & useless:]
very Maggie — such an attitude.

NYPL

seems to me – damnably idiotic"
She rapped out the last words with ~~extrem~~
some violence; jerking herself upright.
"~~Because you dont do it~~:
But you/ dont do it: you dont dress up in white:
you dont

Maggie did not answer at once. The curtain
had blown open. Through it she could see the
backs of the houses opposite. She ~~rose &~~
stretched out, & held the curtain open, looking out.
"~~And~~ Horses ~~the~~ still – there is this – the
pentacled – the moon mixing with the lamplights
made extraordinary patches; lines & walls, &
bough broke up the space, at various levels –
Then silence of the distant after drone Elvira
to the verge of explosion – she lay waiting
with her short upper lip drawn up. waiting.
"The Eton & Harrow" said Maggie at last.
"The Eton & Harrow" Elvira repeated.
There is still the Eton & Harrow balls about ~~in~~ a
~~Poor~~ little boys knocking balls about ~~in~~ a
~~large~~ field: Suppose you, Maggie, I should
lay ~~disrobe state~~, rob it of existence by
lying back; & looking up, through the leaves; &
saying to myself, that we have only to float
down on to that point where the heron
stands on one leg, sunning himself – or is it a
~~tat~~ stake – never mind: when we reach it, we
disembark, & push our way through the
tropical fever.

~~But? its the top of a coach~~:
Six horses, trotting on the top of a coach.
Maggie continued. And on the whole, its
rather ugly.

Why ugly? said Elvira.

NYPL

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"Because they ~~mixed~~ — they dont mass colours:
~~they dont see~~ it: they fritter it away. Heres a
~~little~~ dab ~~there another~~ little dab. Then
Now if they had any imagination, given that
space; & ~~all~~ the those coaches: & the womens' dresses;
they would ...

See you, said Elvira: the wind would
blow; & then ~~like~~ ~~long~~ dragons tongues ~~from~~ the
would ripple out from the masts —
"And ~~then~~ the awnings." Maggie added.
Pavilions, Elvira corrected her. Pavilions of pale
gold."

Anyhow, think what they would do: think
what they do do.

She saw before her the vast stretch of ~~Lords~~; green;
the ring of coaches; the little figures in white;
~~They might make something of it~~: The
but there was no shape to it: nothing bold:
~~nothing — the~~ a dab here, a dab there;
& ~~as it didnt matter a straw which side won~~: people at top hats
~~but & then~~ ~~ugly~~ iron buildings; awnings — bobbing up & down.

Suppose they had dragons tongues, of red or green ~~gold~~ flags,
rippling out from twisted masts, &
pavilions of pale bright gold" Elvira, ~~suggested~~. ~~with words~~
~~watching her often followed them~~ ~~ridiculously~~ as the track
that might ~~seem~~ be . Then, if the men were playing, if
suggested; there was a puff of wind & they the
& there was a puff of wind, ~~rather far~~ & ~~whatever~~
band played, ~~now & again~~, ~~& people were stretched under trees~~ — & ...
~~And~~ ~~They~~ It ~~you~~ dont it care a straw, ~~I suppose~~, which side
wins" she went on, leaving the pictorial ~~[illegible] Eton~~
side: but you have to pretend ~~you do~~. & you have to say you're
~~Harrow~~. you do.

The picture was
sufficiently
indicated
for them both
to see it

NYPL

~~Eton or Jesus Harrow,~~ ~~Thorn, lunch~~
on top of the coach,
But as there you sit there in the sun: — ~~eating~~ ?-
who wins:?
~~And one don't care a scrap who~~ who wins
And it goes on & on, & on; & ~~none yet matter~~.
~~Eton & Harrow, Oxford & Cambridge; who wins?~~
~~It doesn't matter~~ who ~~wins~~! ~~I don't care~~.
won last year? until lunch;
Then lunch. rain.
A ~~broiling sun~~. Mayonnaise — lobster sandwiches —
~~Then~~ And when that's over, it all begins again:
until ~~they~~ it's won:
~~Somebody wins in the end~~ -
whichever side it may be. Whereas you say
Maggie turned on her sister with some
asperity. "I can't go to parties because I'm a
hunch back." ~~You say~~

I say, said Elvira, if the god of love
forced me across his arms ~~down the kitchen stairs~~;
~~Say~~, if ~~the~~ ~~Eros~~ nurse, ~~put round her arms one~~ ~~Elvira opened her~~ – ~~& there~~ is
~~moment like that~~ –
~~Them~~ - seeing the sailor –
" the bootmaker." Maggie corrected her,
~~at the back door~~, ~~seeing~~ seeing the bootmaker, & at the bottom of ~~the kitchen~~
~~therefore I fell, it was~~
stairs opened her arms, naturally she dropped me: I
~~naturally I~~

~~She was thinking~~ & But her ~~but~~ bitterness was leaving her.
"Whereas there might be dragon's tongues of ~~the~~ green
silk rippling out from twisted masts, & then of the sun
pavilions of pale gold — " ~~The~~
were ~~of~~ blazing & the band played ..."
Elvira, had ~~was~~ no ~~murmur~~, ~~remote from~~ ~~was~~ like
~~both~~ ~~reminded her sister of the~~
Elvira was only ~~playing. with~~ some fancy;

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She was only skipping. ~~Yet she same, whispered~~

~~Yet~~ She was losing her mel

~~A~~ ~~It mattered~~ ~~She never answered~~
Although she paid no attention to ~~Elvira~~ what
Elvira said, – it ~~was~~ for ~~often the suggestion, of~~
but continued her own thought, ~~still there~~
~~to that the nothing seemed to connect her~~ the
~~two~~ She She ~~murmured~~ word, the ~~picture~~, the
incongruous ~~remote~~ suggestion, ~~gave~~ which Elvira
~~babbled, as~~ murmured, ~~half as if~~ pleased her;
~~but~~ with their suggestions of ~~infinite~~ space, &
& Nothing connected ~~the~~ what they said.
Magdalena continued her own thought without
~~attending to~~ her sister's said murmur; ~~yet~~ but she
was ~~happier~~ ~~She smiled~~ It was
~~but she was happier, feeling some~~ or only fitfully;
~~& yet~~ ~~though~~ She could not have repeated a
single word, of ~~the picture pleased her.~~
of her sister's sentence: ~~Et~~ flags, pavilions,
'music, ~~entered~~ came Elvira murmured as a
child hums in tune to a top; ~~she~~ a jet,
though nothing distinct issued from what she said,
Magdalena was soothed. She ~~thought~~
liked Elvira, on the whole, to talk; to ~~say~~
talk nonsense; ~~rising~~ she liked to sit
& look at the backs of the houses; straight, lean,
with their little notched chimney tops, & the
leaves hovering. & the straight lines, while
Elvira went on, ~~building~~ without needing
an answer, talking: ~~to herself; about~~
as she did now: wh~~en she had made~~ one
~~need~~ like a person practising: ~~the~~ –

She paid no attention to what

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Her voice trailed away: she was becoming
soothed, tranquillised, here in the ~~dark~~ cool room, with
Elvira ~~chatt talking;~~ ~~spinning round her~~ ~~going on~~
talking, rather like a child humming its ~~a~~ tune to a
top. Nothing connected what they said.
She did not listen exactly to what she was saying.
~~words~~, ~~can~~ she heard a word now & then; ~~yet they~~
~~were~~ ~~as if they~~ ~~standing out from the current~~;
& ~~even if it did~~ ~~[illegible]~~ united; yet not
discordant. ~~The connection~~ ~~There was~~ Elvira, talking something
~~was amazing, hence by &~~ & amused
Maggie had said, Elvira ~~went off with it~~ working it out:—
herself by ~~saying what she could~~ lunch time,
~~for if Maggie said~~ it went on & on till
~~doubt one of them was~~ & then it began all over again;
Elvira ~~then she reflected, what would~~ ~~supposing~~ long,
~~arranged to that~~
But suppose, it would be
were mats, with dragons tongues of pale green silk: &
which ~~floated out flickering~~, in a gust of wind: & shell
pagodas & pavilions of pale gold; fluted, shell
shaped: & violins; or now & again a blast of
trumpets to herald some amazing entry... ~~very~~ to soon,
Maggie ~~listened, half asleep~~;

flickered out

Elvira she loved and often, in her own
she made up a story; she would become absorbed;
~~there was~~ whether anybody listened or not. ~~And finally~~,
though Maggie had not attended, they would agree
~~find themselves not far out~~: ~~come together~~
in their conclusion— & produce a
conclusion— ~~[illegible]~~.
until it was not ~~the Elvir~~ a cricket match
anything but a pageant,

version, her
Explanation
of this concert—

NYPL

~~But having there were limits, of course;~~
~~In their way~~ that Maggie should contrive her own
life
Sometimes ~~they came to no cor~~ made no attempt
to ~~co~~ Even to ~~finish~~ - ~~conclude~~ bring their
~~It was not necessary to explain~~ Sometimes they
~~were so little in need of~~ became so engrossed

seemed to be
a woman)
cut off
They became
completely
intimate
Maggie,

~~in their own~~ occupation that they
~~If Elvira wanted to~~ there was no need to be
always ~~even listen~~ attending —

But Sir Digby, ~~Lady Pargiter could~~ be
~~had~~ had locked the front door. And therefore,
Lady Pargiter picked up her gloves — ~~got up~~ ~~Elvira~~
Maggie merely walked off, But her mother
without saying good night.
~~coming to look father, stopped her~~
came into the room; at that moment
she was still slightly under the influence of the
party: ~~but excitement~~, lights, dresses, jewels,
~~still excite~~ ~~affected her;~~ & still stirred her,
~~far~~ so so that the sight of the untidy room,
with the stockings hanging. & ~~the pattern~~
on the bed, &
& ~~Elv~~ her the book lying open on the which, ~~only~~
the glass of milk ~~half drunk~~ showed a smear of white; & the
half drunk, showed a smear of white; & the
towels crumpled up in a ball & thrown
across the towel horse, as irritated her
Elvira was ~~extremely~~ delighted. Often, ~~after~~ a
~~when they were late~~, ~~now~~ nobody came in
at ~~all~~. Now ~~she had few~~ Tonight
first there was Maggie: then there was
her ~~mother~~. ~~She looked at her~~. She was
Here was her mother. She loved watching her

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it might be

noticing
~~seeing instantly~~ what she. Maggie never ~~saw~~ noticed –
~~the tumbler of milk & then~~ she waited to hear what
~~she~~ would be the first thing she would say.
"~~What~~ ~~How~~ can you sleep in a room like this!
It was only a little exclamation of annoyance;
The towels, the milk the book, annoyed her:
but most of all, the flower lying on the floor
Maggie had dropped them. ~~But the~~ a flower to
Lady Pargiter ~~had a life~~ was always a ~~was a character~~ gets on:
Now she took put ~~it~~ the stem in her mouth, Elvira
glared; & ~~But~~ Her mother put it in a tumbler on
the washstand. Elvira watched her
She never made an ugly movement; but
"My daughter…" she began. The rather rhetorical
opening was another sign that she was still
under the influence of the party."
She poured out a tumbler of water & put the
faded stained flower to droop there. "… ~~They go~~
care nothing for flowers" she added.
My dear mama " Elvira began.
~~Both~~ if Maggie dead…
But Maggie knew that the charge against her was
that she had not enjoyed the party. If she
had enjoyed it they would have been then ~~now~~
dancing. Elvira, Maggie saw, ~~to her~~ with
amusement, but with some contempt, was already
~~beginning~~ falling under the sway of ~~her~~ their
mothers emotional. Whoever came into
the room, Elvira always changed – Now
because her mother was all dressed up, & rather
~~at her feet~~; ~~seeing~~
excited, Elvira was ~~at her feet~~;
excited too; & pretending ~~too~~ to ~~be someone~~
feel what she supposed her mother was feeling.
~~Now~~ She had caught hold of her mothers arm;

not only that
she had dropped
the ~~dead~~ flower
but
also

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as she raised hers, &
Still annoyed ~~about the~~ flower. Lady Pargiter
did not yield instantly.
"But was it very wonderful?" she asked.
"Most girls of women have been Maggie's age..." Lady Pargiter began.
"Yes yes yes." said Elvira brushing aside the well
known argument with as if she were talking ~~found~~ hyper
to somebody of her own age. "~~But~~ Maggie
~~The old man very~~ it dull. But you...
~~The old man was one of the most distinguished~~...
~~The old man~~ She sat next one of the most distinguished...
Lady Pargiter continued.
"No, ~~mama~~, he was a bore" said Elvira.
"Why am I
I've headache She old man–
He pushed back her chair." said
dressed up in gold lace on a hot summer night!
Because..."
"He was going to the Royal Palace party" said Lady
Pargiter. "And Maggie had the chance which
most girls would have given their eyes to have,
of sitting next..."
"Yes. ~~but~~ mama," said Elvira, interrupting ~~begin~~ ~~further~~ "I've heard that
~~& begin~~ – ~~the~~." She
back. Skip all that: what ~~I~~ we want to know is:"
but we have had that already:
already: paused, as if to considering which of the many
points of fascinating interest she should deal
with first. She had still one hand on her
mother's shoulder. "Looking divinely
beautiful, ~~as you do~~, you came up stairs ~~the reception~~, or
this is after dinner, – ~~entered the~~ went into the large drawing room
which ~~had~~ was all tidy: garnished: swept –
There was
A picture over the fireplace, said Maggie, of a
man on horseback.
~~Yes, said Lady~~ Pargiter, everything was ~~what struck me~~. There was
beautifully done.

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iced soup to begin with. But when I say iced I don't
mean ~~that~~ tasteless stuff beef tea which you get —
I am sorry to say in my own house sometimes:
There must have been veal; bones; herbs; a dash of
wine." Lord Pargiter considered, remembered; indulgently.
And the curtains were drawn: of wine; & so the man's
The ladies ~~drew~~ drawing up round the fireplace; ~~&~~ said...

gathering

~~And no fish knives~~ They don't use fish knives
anymore" Lord Pargiter ~~also~~ reflected.
No fish knives; Elvira repeated. She stopped. ~~And then you said~~ ... ?
would make a note of them: ah dinner-
You drew up round the fire place: ah dinner-

And when

"~~Maggie" said~~ ~~And~~ Then Maggie" said Lady
Pargiter, gesticulating to emphasise her words, her lips under the
looking at the door, "Maggie set her lips under; —
Compliment, ~~for her~~ "beautifully dressed; — in white satin
Elvira, also looked at Maggie, in white satin
with pearls; — "but ~~making~~ nothing else;"
~~goes off, into a corner~~; & when Lady Palmer
who was a friend of grandmama's, & knew
the Empress, ~~said to her~~, asked me to bring her
I ~~look round~~: I see Maggie, miles away, at the
other ~~end of the room~~, in a corner, ~~talking~~ talking to some body whom
~~with a fathom~~ at
the night, have met every day she life in an
omnibus!

The night they met every day they life in an ~~Snake, Black~~,
omnibus! Elvira repeated.

dowdy,

Her mother spoke with a curious stress, so that
when her sentences seemed to ~~rattle~~ rise &
shape themselves fall; ~~a fact~~ which she
emphasised with the beat of her finger.

NYPL

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She was rather nice." said Maggie. "She was the
governess.
~~You see mama, said Elvira. The difference~~
In black, ~~She~~ She was in black She was
the governess. Elvira repeated. '~~The wom~~ too.' ~~The later~~
And ~~I talked to Lady Lasswade mine~~
~~parties~~ too
But do you go to parties, my dear child. said
Lady Pargiter to talk to people you meet every
day of your life? No. You go to parties to —
The music, crashed out again in the house at
the back where the dance was being given. There!
~~That's~~
There! exclaimed Elvira in annoyance.
what they've been doing all night ~~long~~.'
The music produced an instant effect upon
Lady Pargiter. ~~She had~~ Her irritation, her agitation,
seemed to yield to some seductive charm; she
~~She~~ She became reposeful, indolent, suave: she
sleepily lowered the heavy lids on her large dark
eyes. She looked extraordinarily sensual, &
indolent, and she wore pleasing in some
& languid. seductive scent. a pot steaming The leather
hand up & down, on ~~the~~ the counterpane.

smooth-
& her hand
went to
the flower
at the
heart

Dance, mama. said Elvira.
My dear, I'm too old; much too old, said
Lady Pargiter. Her words fitted themselves to the
ins & out of the heavy, emphatic waltz tune.
wisely
"~~Just a few steps~~ ~~You~~ Just to show me" said
Maggie, moving a chair. "~~Just to~~"
She ~~had become~~ in a second, young, seductive;
~~lovely, said Lady Pargiter,~~ But without a
partner — said Lady Pargiter.

NYPL

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Dance a
dance of your own

"Pretend you have a partner" said Eleanor.
just to show you
Well I'll do something like this, said Lady Pargiter, &
She danced in the space Maggie had cleared,
holding her skirts out, ~~slowly~~, floating, slowly
rhythmically round & ~~round~~ the room. in & out.
~~Every~~ ~~Her hand, her~~ The rhythm seemed to run flowing
through her hands, her arms, her body heavy though she
was, & past sixty:
There! she said, settling on the bed in a little flounce:
seemed, ~~as~~ the music stopped, with a & her whole body
of her hands, as ~~if she had~~
came to rest. ~~& there is~~ "You are very wonderfully beautiful"
said Maggie. She spoke with reverence.
"~~My dear~~ Nonsense!" exclaimed her mother: flushed, & pleased;
I'm an ugly old woman now: but
when I was young..."
~~Then~~ you danced with the Emperor" said
~~Eleanor~~: Lady Pargiter smiled, becoming vaguer,
I danced... as the effect of the garden were of the night
summer; ~~I've often told you of the night~~ onto the grass;
~~I loved dancing~~; when we danced out of the room onto the river, said Eleanor.
when we danced out of the room
And the swans were asleep ~~from~~ the river, said Lady Pargiter;" said
we danced, & ~~we~~ danced, said Lady Pargiter; ~~flying over your heads~~
And ~~the~~ swans rose, flying over all the trees:
Eleanor:
& they had hung little lamps on all the trees:
I loved dancing, she said
It is only that I like dancing—
when I was young... I could dance
~~There was the night~~ when you danced out
of the house onto the terrace, & the swans
were sleeping" said Eleanor.

There!
Maggie exclaimed

as if while
her mother
danced, she
had seen
something
unexpected,
astonishing.

NYPL

"There was the night when nobody went to bed
at all" said her mother.

And you found, folded up in a little three cornered
hat, the note in your bouquet", Elvira went on.
But I was never beautiful: & as for clothes" —
Lady Pargiter looked at Maggie: I ~~never wore~~ made them myself."
~~anything but what I made myself~~ said Lady P.
"But I was not beautiful; I made all my
I was never beautiful as in
clothes myself.

No ~~mama~~ said Maggie; but ... She stopped &
looked at Elvira. ~~They both saw the same thing.~~
You see, mama, said Elvira; ~~I am now~~ what Maggie means is: ~~that~~ At
~~when you were young~~, when we were in Spain, in Ireland — ~~where we~~
when you were young, when mind; ~~You~~ when you were young — ~~she~~ in
it, when mind: ~~You~~ when you were young — in
~~She~~ & added, I ~~coming into a little room~~ only lit by candles shall we say, in
to a little room, only lit by candles shall we say, in
white muslin — her hair
Tied with a broad blue sash.
unbrushed,
tied with a sash, yes: when you were young"
She continued then you would ~~be awake by the~~ ~~the~~
hear hearing not words: no, you don't listen;
"violins; dreams ..."
but "she looked at her mother: ~~don't look either~~"
~~how did you~~ ~~And you stopped~~, So you would come down into the
~~the last room~~ room, & ... kiss ~~grand papa~~! ~~Anybody~~ does
anybody who happens to be there. Between only
a gardener or ~~young man~~ in ... mowing the
lawn ... ~~leaving long~~ & the ~~sea~~ & he called out...
left long tracks in the ~~grass~~: you Oh
~~Now~~ But ~~we don't~~ & Maggie doesn't.
the other hand, — she paused; & scrutinised
her mother ~~so that~~ severely. There was

You did not listen, nor to words

whoever happened to be there, at dressed made, I heard them. The gardener; or a young man, mowing the lawn.

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~~something that she could not~~ say.
You threw open the window: you whistle. But
~~we don't, you see.~~ That's the point; that's what Maggie
mean, about tonight at the party. which she does
Come into the room, like that — & ~~so~~. And so
when you dance,
Suppose the gardener happened to be tall;
~~yet~~ She kept her eyes fixed with the brightness &
warmness of a bird on her mother's face; ~~as she added;~~
"handsome: rhythmically mowing the lawn —
(they do in Ireland, she added further mother
informative) You
or whatever it might be: suppose the gardener
happened to be tall; ~~not~~ very handsome:"
She kept her eyes fixed with the wariness of a
bird on her mother's face: "You'd throw the
window open & whistle" to wh. she listened with
Accustomed to her daughter's fancies,
Eugenie Pargiter burst out laughing.
"One day I will tell you the true story" she said
"Now mama, said Elvira, seizing her hand
Bubbles too late... the Maggie ~~came~~ to hear
perched upon a chair & settled down
the story: Tell us the whole story, truly"
We will begin with grandmama" said
She ~~before you were born~~ meeting her
Elvira. But she has travelled
lover in Venice. ~~But~~ but has
all over Europe in a yellow coach, when
never once leant back in her seat.
they arrive at the Inn after dark, what
great grandmama, takes a quill pen from
her dressing bag & begins or under her
dazzling chin so that even in the
comparative seclusion of a small dress

to the mixture of fact & fiction benevolently: sensibly.

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Inn with a torrent falling & goats skipping ~~Eugenie~~
Adelaida, may not stoop"
"~~That's true~~" "That is very nearly true" exclaimed
Eugénie: "that is hardly exaggerated at all. That is
the way the ~~ladies~~ mothers of those times ~~to~~ brought up
their daughters." She sat, perfectly erect, at the end of the
bed. "Whereas, ~~our my daughters~~ ~~in our &~~
nowadays ..." she looked at Maggie; she looked at laughing. She was
Elvira
But I'm a hump back" said Elvira. She
was not ashamed; she did not ask for pity;
But her mother flinched.
~~"I wish I were too" said Maggie.~~
Nonsense, nonsense, Lady Pargiter ~~exclaimed~~. "You
may not be absolutely straight; but in a year or two, it
~~I wish I were" Maggie interposed~~
you would lie flat, instead of jumping about ...
She patted her down.
But it's a great advantage, ~~being a hump back~~" ~~if the things~~ I don't ..."
said Elvira. ~~Maggie has~~ to do Maggie nodded.
~~I wish I were~~ said Maggie.
But we are only at the Inn," said Elvira.
We must skip Switzerland: ~~we~~ leave out. It was a
Switzerland, mama. Arrive at Venice.
summer; night —"
"It was a summer night" said Lady Pargiter.
~~Your grandmother was only eighteen.~~ & she was only
She went out onto the balcony; the stars were
18 & dressed in white. It was hot; ~~she was~~ there were
things in the sky, in the water;
dressed all in white.
And she caught the rose in her right hand
Elvira added said to ~~this~~ her ~~threw it~~.
Yes. Grandpapa ~~was on the~~, That is the girl I am going to
~~because, he threw~~
~~But where were~~ ~~And he was in a gondola?~~" Maggie
may.
~~But~~ ~~Now about grandpapa" said~~
~~Agitated~~
~~Maggie.~~

Maggie guesses
just —
whether she
was."
"Yes" said

NYPL

q Shakes
The right
expires

And then they lived in Ireland" said Maggie:
And then?
But ~~what was he doing in Venice~~, said Maggie:
~~And~~ They wore the rose at dinner that night
~~said Sleova~~ Lady Pargiter continued:
And then? said Maggie ~~They were married~~
Then they were married" said Sleova. And they ~~lived~~ in
a ruined house, didnt they mama, up in the very
heart of Ireland; where the wind blew
that the chimbley the old man in Jacket would
nearly say ~~blowing into~~ blowing into the dish fired: 'That a
grandmama, ~~putting her hand down~~, found hearing a noise
~~letting the table cloth, found~~
found that the rose had littered — under the
dinner table.
No. no.
~~We weren't rich, said~~ No, it was ~~the~~
You are thinking of the Turkey in Aunt Jinny's ~~we weren't~~
bed room, said Lady Pargiter.
~~And~~ Then ~~they~~ all ~~married — said~~ Sleova: Aunt ~~Ca~~ Magdalena:
Aunt Jinny: & Aunt Flora: & Aunt ~~Euphemia~~ Dora: & Aunt...
Aunt Eleanor: & Aunt ... married ...?
I forget ~~the~~ name — all

And then, ~~you~~ said Maggie: you married.
Jinny, Magdalena, Elizabeth Ann, Sally, Eugenie; —
~~how many you~~ & one whose name I cant
remember, all married. —
Falling passionately in love with Gardeners,
with stable boys: ~~putting~~ notes shaking their
bouquets when they got home at night, &
out would fall, sometimes just a heart shaped
crystal locket, a little favour, a heart pierced
with an arrow; or again nothing but a
word of assignation, to meet under a
flowering willow tree by the pond: — yes
all married...
Lady Pargiter raised her hand
~~They were~~
to with the fingers spread.
Chatter, chatter, chatter" she said.
Hush!"

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Elvira lay at once perfectly still, rigid on her bed, like an
animal which completely obedient, attentive.
~~They~~ They heard footsteps on the stairs:
"Your father" said Lady Pargiter pass
"Did you remember the lock on the kitchen door?
Elvira whispered. Lady Pargiter rose & without
speaking. ~~She~~ She opened the door. Sir
Digby was outside. They heard him say,
~~Eugenie~~ Eug It's very late...
"Just as we are reaching the point" Elvira
whispered, Papa comes. Damn.
Because you chatter" said Maggie.
On purpose said Elvira.
The sisters looked at each other.
"~~We were~~ anyway we're just reaching the point" said Maggie.
"And then you met Papa. ~~How~~ What was he ~~did he~~ ~~is~~ ~~say~~ - was he very handsome?
doing? ~~How did he~~ ~~What~~ ?" ~~No~~,
What did you wear! Why did you marry him?"
Elvira rapidly sketched an outline of
~~what she said~~ what she might have said;
~~But it was a~~ ~~dress~~ but when her
mother came back, talking over her shoulder,
& shook her head in the difficulties of
pressing home to the last stage ~~in a conversation~~
~~was greater than Maggie realised~~ with her
mother was had never yet been overcome.
~~it was unalterable, perhaps~~: ~~perhaps~~
Even without this interruption; Lady Pargiter
might well have given a little wriggle, &
glided away, out of their nooses & snares,
into that unreal world in which she ~~when it was~~
~~would~~ always she take refuge
so it seemed to them when they tried to
pin her down about their father
Even ~~this~~ to talk with him at the door
made her ~~the~~ glowing undulating
elaborate ornate, artificial; insubstantial

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& beautiful, insincere . . .

She had come in & said seemed to Maggie
to be, ~~physically graceful~~, bring back with her all the rapture
airs & graces of the party; its falseness, its
aroma
gestures of hands & its convention; ~~so that the~~
of the party: as she stood over them 'her husband,' &

Yes. Yes Yes, she said, answering
~~last question~~; I locked it.
in the passage

She was lying.
to say goodnight. ~~Now~~ good night. ~~Elvira~~, ~~she~~ she stooped to
Elvira caught her by the wrist. Was it
possible, she thought, at the very last moment, to
& say to her "Why did you marry ~~him~~ papa?"
"One moment ~~more~~ mama" she said — one moment more.
~~Lets~~ We were in the bed room; your old room,
at home. And you'd taken the letter note out
from the middle of the roses. & you were reading
it, by candlelight: & ~~you~~ ~~the flowers~~ on the letter have
made shadows, ~~& the~~ Lady Pargiter
room, & ~~the a moth perhaps~~ & the note was
extricated herself, smiling: . .
from Papa, & he said . . . ?" outside in the passage

"Eugenie!" exclaimed her Digby:
He was impatient: he wanted to go to bed.
"Coming . . I'm coming" said Lady Pargiter,
& she rose ~~rising & hurrying away~~. ~~She~~ went.
"~~Mama~~!" Exclaimed Elvira, 'What's the use of
words Maggie ~~What's the use of anything~~?
& the tears stood in her eyes.
~~Why do we~~
~~The sisters~~ She had no feeling of shame that her
sister should see them roll down her cheek.
The woman's a liar" — she spoke with
~~Extreme b~~ extraordinary bitterness. She

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neither like a girl, nor like a woman; but aged,
drawn, sexless.

And Uncle why cant she tell the truth! Because
of that little man: his coat stuck over with orders,
rosettes; no books, you know. You cant open them:
stuck together with polish & varnish: a few
her ~~names~~ Whats he live for? Parties.
Hunters. Whats he care for? Nothing. The
man's a shell; corrupt: light, like a
pie eaten out by finger. You put in a finger.
Whats inside. Brown sponge — a dry
dusty substance which one tears with one's
finger: Did you see him; pirouetting in pointed
the looking glass in the hall when ~~you went out~~; And
~~And then~~ his opera hat under his arm & pointing
flowery hanky out like a pouter pigeon ~~Pretending~~ his caress.
The fool! Asking What's he mean by that!
"My country..." A man who takes a dispatch box in the morning —
And rides down
walks back in the evening. And Maggie. And
Every year since we remember; the grouse, the
shooting. And hitting five & the Rulers aristocracy
pheasants & the rabbits & the. Cold at heart."
A corrupt man, cold at heart.
~~Substantially Maggie a speech with her sister~~.
"~~Yes~~" said Maggie. "At the same time
in a half light, said Maggie, ~~with~~ Extraordinarily
handsome. Like a statue: ~~like a~~ rolled about,
~~you know~~ / smooth... you know what I mean.
The head of a

~~You mean, an~~
Caesar that fell off a trireme & sank to the
bottom of a lake, said Elvira; where it lay in
the mud ~~in the ooze~~, until some diver,
plunged — but not too deep: & brought the
rather mouldy slimy green object onto the
~~Mama saw it; a head at~~.
bank.

& brought in
slimy green
& slippery

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~~I say it was a disgusting marriage, Maggie~~
~~Grandpapa ought to have said~~
~~were but they~~ that There were ten children; said
Maggie: ~~And~~ and the post only coming once a twice a week,
said Elvira
And, after all, ~~Grandpapa~~ the pa, Papa's, ~~was~~ were a Bishops
respectable... whereas her family, her grandfather-
rose like a flame in the sky when the
sailor lit a match near him" said Elvira
She laughed, even ~~which~~ the tears ~~slid down her~~ face
had vanished.
["He rose like an arc of ~~flame~~ fire into ~~into~~ the air" she
said. & went flaring away ~~to join~~ the sunset]
"He drank himself to death"... said Magdalena.
~~that~~ ~~He~~ rose like an arc of fire into
the air & went flaring away into the sunset."
Elvira continued, that with wine, Champagne,
brandy, punch, her body after death was so
combustible that a single lighted match,
dropped by a ~~sailor~~ sailor near the corpse,
sent him flaring away into the sunset."
And the other man became a bishop.
said Magdalena.
~~He was about to become a~~ ~~He died on the the day before lawn~~
~~lawn~~ No that ~~man~~ died on ~~the~~
the day before; They were playing on the
~~again~~, the hymn tunes, ~~so they sat between the~~
~~shrubs after lunch on a hot day~~,
& he was sitting on the lawn, & when
he sighed heavily, once a twice then.
~~life was extinct.~~
the butler came. done with that
~~There was nothing to be~~ And he new his
~~man but to bury him~~ ~~the compound~~ hands:
like them — ...

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~~It is~~
Dying in a lawn with the hymn tunes stealing
through the shrubbery, & the butler undoing one's
apron — that was how the other man died."
~~Elvira~~ She lay back on her pillows, in a tiny ~~pressing her hands~~
~~together on her breast;~~ her grandfathers tomb, in an
Abbey. but life was already quiet.
~~It~~ And ~~As Anyhow,~~
~~But after all, you cant expect her to~~
~~Then~~ But it was time for bed. Maggie began slowly
to prepare & rise, ~~looking~~ though there was something in the look of the
room, with the ~~bed up against the wall~~, &
Elvira lean crooked, ~~stiff, angular & the~~ & the open,
window & the grey moon light outside, & the
houses & the ~~walls~~ garden walls that ~~made her~~
wish ~~to stay, that she could sit there,~~
~~with Elvira rambling on,~~ after a party,
~~how the this familiar room,~~ where one was
always hustled, bothered, & made ~~to answer questions~~ —
~~Here, at anyrate, there was about books~~, or
~~plays.~~ to say if one had read a book & been to a
play. She did not speak ~~say good english frank~~
~~whose own thoughts~~, Elvira was ~~saying~~, ~~as she so often~~ her own thoughts, —
~~say~~ it was going on with ~~talking to herself~~.
indifferent; in after moments as she
telling herself ~~the story~~ some story, ~~as~~ was her
seemed an away, of her sisters presence, of her
departure. ~~That~~ The moment of repletion, of
indifference always came, to both of them. quite
naturally, like a silence, ~~ac~~ after a stillness in a ~~b~~ pool,
~~birth of a mare~~, or
after the ripples have all reached the bank.

life had ebbed away — going into the drawing room,

soothed her; already

she stood looking at the garden; at the trees. Then she

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No [illegible]
cd. be [illegible]
cd. [illegible]

~~There is much more" Elvira said~~
~~As usual,~~ ~~the~~ Elvira felt, ~~when the door shut~~ she — cd. possibly
when she was alone again, to deal with ~~the~~ it all;
~~last~~ She was seventeen.
alone. Elvira lay for a time as still as if she
were thinking herself a tree; or the body of her grandfather;
~~but now she~~ stretched on the lawn. ~~And~~ But indeed
~~What was she? Who was she~~; it was only by lying very still
the effect of talk,
that she ~~agitation the excitement the~~ +
~~she could gather in~~ wrapped in a ~~shroud~~ of make
darkness, that she could hope to bring ~~back~~
~~into order, This most tremendous this affair~~;
gather in ~~the~~ 2 array ~~from~~ the pleasures
what had been only half seized, half realised; ~~in the~~
disorder ~~of the~~ & the excitement & the ~~ab~~
darkness to [illegible] the revelation: ~~because, if~~ and
~~seventeen~~, there could be no doubt but that
it was twenty minutes past twelve..

It is now twenty minutes past twelve.
It is now ten minutes to two.
What had happened in between?
What has happened — what has happened? She
lay recounting it truly. The story of her parents, &
the story of her mother; & the voice crying
Eugenie in the passage; &

arriving
a sense of
delirium
so that

She looked out of the window. She
But to that
drama was still going on. & more-
shape. She had brought more knowledge, & more knowledge would be hers:
more & more & more knowledge would
~~to~~ She was only seventeen. Yes, ~~at~~ moment would
add drop to moment; & & ... she
upheld outcome of the immense richness —
Contemplating of what would happen: & with the
moon ladder - gentlemen still dancing out on the leads
& chatting & laughing &
the scream of the cat: & the [illegible]

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Elvira kept her eyes shut as her sister left the room.
She wanted her to go. She had had ~~[illegible]~~ enough.
Even after Maggie had gone she lay ~~[illegible]~~ still, rather dark of
It was only ~~then~~, by shutting out sounds & lights,
by ~~lying still~~, that she could hope to deal
with the tremendous number of ~~half realised~~ things
~~ideas~~ which ~~in the hour that had~~ happened ~~passed since she~~
~~wrote the time on her copy book had loomed~~ collected waiting room
in the last hour, the moonlight had been throwing into her
freak lit. ~~In~~ ~~There~~ was Maggie all in white.
Instantly the party had begun with the man in gold
lace, saying Power. & the toady, & the young men, ~~all~~
the subject. ~~upon which~~ then the Eton. Harrow
Match; with awnings, with a green space – the
whole figures: & her mother the sumptuous
silver woman with one wallflower. ~~with still~~ & her hair & her chair,
~~powdered leaves~~; there was all this ~~to~~ as & much
~~more to~~ add to the ~~moment which was seemed~~ innocent & ignorant
very remote distant & comparatively walked this now
moment – ~~for~~ when she had
~~twelve~~ twenty minutes past twelve. She was
only seventeen. ~~Moment would add itself~~
to moment, ~~How could she memory of~~
~~life.~~ People lived to be seventy.
~~of fifty years of~~ And perhaps, by using no means, but ~~carefully~~
care, by not chattering so much, never
driving more ~~powerful means of~~ with
sleeping, never drowsing – following
extreme daring each indication that was
revealed, in ~~the end, at seventy~~, without
this blur of chatter that often misled, she
would have set free from it & cleared &
the whole the complete truth. Sighing
deeply she hauled herself up, & looked out
~~into~~ at the window They were still

2
the effort to
seize what
she wanted –
all the
was
added

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talking: dancing: there was still the blurred ~~window pane~~, lights of the houses; & there was the cat on the wall, & the tree & the moon

NYPL

18th June
1933

Eleanor smoothed out on her knee the long notice in the ~~the~~ morning paper of her uncle Digby's death— all ~~the papers had~~ notices of ~~him~~: she had ~~been reading them aloud to her father Now he~~ was tired & would sleep. & read it aloud to her father.

~~He was a type of all that is best~~ :

The second son ~~of~~ the ~~Deanery~~ : . . ~~type~~

educated at ~~Rugby~~ Harrow & Christchurch – he entered the public service – was secretary to – type of all that is best – a man of singularly handsome presence & courteous manners – the ~~an ad~~ admirable – a distinguished ~~la~~ tennis player. well known to a large circle – charming house – where his wife who predeceased him also by six months dispensed hospitality – football player left three sons, one the well known a another in the Diplomatic service – third in business – & two daughters

made a cake
say for &

The smooth phrases ~~made~~ rolled off her tongue, she felt rather proud of the family

A

People all over the world would read this & think respectfully of the Pargiters ~~& at wish vote~~ On Committees old gentlemen ~~He would be~~ would sigh ~~his~~, that they had known him: That Eleanor was certainly rather flattered & pleased. That Eleanor, she said to herself, ~~that's not the real one~~."

close her as
she went out

But ~~how many~~ But here she was not on a Committee: here she was in Papa's room

"Put them away", he said, nodding his head at the newspaper cuttings "in the lock up the drawer – There." was going to sleep now.

his glance – It was
Grey

She rose, holding the long ribbons of paper, &

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in her hand. & she went to the desk at which her father was
working: These cuttings were to join the other relics — odd
& ends of things: medals, orders, a ring with hair in it,
some of valuable letters: ~~in the~~ In the drawer beneath
~~were~~ was her will; & some important ~~[illegible]~~ business papers.

The desk

~~It~~ was the sacred heart of the family. The bureau
~~that the~~ ~~there~~ ~~Uncle Digby was deposited.~~
The press ~~notices~~ of Uncle Digby were ~~deposited there~~ left
there, &c. Her father was now ~~going~~ ostensibly to work out a
chess problem: in fact he would sleep. He slept
~~a great deal now~~. She left him fumbling about
with the little red & white figures
But when she got out into the hall, that Eleanor,
the dutiful, the niece, the daughter, the ~~woman~~ on
~~Committees~~, the ~~decent~~ rather heavy, but
pleasant looking woman of fifty ~~[illegible]~~
to whom grave men spoke about your uncle,

in to the hall
with the
umbrellas
& the dog
bowl of
water

~~could not survive intact~~. ~~She~~ began trembling.
& ~~wavering & tottering~~ began wavering —
tottering though the other, who had always
thought Uncle Digby rather a humbug
The praise of the obituary writers droned in in
her ears. ~~The~~ Of course, he was all that, she
said: He came to lunch on Sundays.
There would be his top hat on the hall table.
~~he would say~~ they would all come into
the room rather stiffly: You can't ignore
the fact, she thought kindly, that he
was a very distinguished Civil Servant: in an
office: with documents: You can't ignore
the fact she continued, that his colleagues
~~men like Old P~~ ~~rather~~ thought him very fine to
whatever was the word? — 'able'. For ~~her~~ to
~~be~~ ~~feel him~~ laugh at him because he was a

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nose like a ram: — ~~said~~ They did not laugh at him
exactly. what they did was to arrange their thoughts
very carefully. Peggy was best at saying the right
thing. And they would declaim, heckle matters.
But he did. never speak out; because she
not like her father. He ~~ne~~ liked pictures.
She had a recollection of seeing him going to the
National gallery on a Saturday afternoon, in a hazan
wearing a button hole. She went into the
drawing room & began walking ~~up & down. from~~
~~the front to the back from the back to the front~~
fidgeting with things on the writing table.
He was an obliterated sort of man, she
thought. ~~They were crude~~. ~~he~~ was very cultivated
Peggy took after him, she thought.
Bobbys walrus stared her in the face.
Uncle Digby had no bubbles she thought, ~~as~~
walrus that ~~in some~~ of those were like an
Earthquake. the walrus might persist. was her own stake-
But the inheriting they was people in one, the
those mouth ever so many people at tea; ready to
meditated. Theres Peggy at tea; & a scrap: theres
papa: theres the poor: then abroad attention.
being a lady: & theres Bobbys walrus. Papa
I cant throw away Bobbys cuttings: Papa
I could have torn up those cuttings: I very
Conduct. I cant reply have been i incredible
Last here papa. I'm a woman of sense o
ability who might make a life of this is written
I cant do it — And none of this at the
art rambly. My darling to you not at all
very boring, Eleanor dear, you're nice,
a simple straightforward, all genuine
~~bees~~ article, except: She replied beautifully.

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only that morning she had bought lately a the
new ~~kind of washing~~ object — a ~~hand~~
brush at the end of a stick wh. was said to
wash parts of the back never yet reached —
There was a sign of middle age.
Heaven above us she thought, looking down at
at her washing table, that's middle aged again.
Morris 53; Rose 40: Bobby 42:
Digby dead: Papa 75. the family dropping
disappearing: altering: taking a different
pattern. And then, thinking of the newspaper
cuttings, she had a sudden sense of pride in
the Pargiters. She began ~~count~~ marshalling
little Pargiters into a solid phalanx,
so that the family stood. Still be distinguished
The charge fell on Morris's children. —
Milly's children, & on the Digbys.
There counted as the younger generation.
The dead scarcely counted, because she had no
children; save as a respectable sort of
stepping stone. "I knew your Aunt — she
was a very able woman". — that rather
somebody would stop the nephew George as he
was leaving a committee room one of these days
& would say that. Very likely there would be a
short paragraph in the Times about her —
daughter of [illegible] . . . one of the first women
to sit on the County Council — but more
fire . . . .

She was drawing a starfish on her
blotting paper. It had large rays; like
a star; & ~~in the centre was~~ a black centre
scribbled which she ~~blo~~ deepened; &
dug into with her pencil: digging

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suddenly. But what is at the heart! She meant. When I was reading the Times obituary I was there — at the top of the stair: & what there: with the top hat: then, I was in the hall: I was there (half way down the stair) And now, momentarily, I'm here. In the centre. But nobody ever said to me when I was a child you will have to live in at least four different sorts of being: you'll have to learn a great deal living.

~~Oh~~ And they're dead! she suddenly exclaimed. Eugenie & Digby.

June 18th 1933